

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

An Account of the Colony of Van Diemen's Land, principally designed for the Use of Emigrants. By EDWARD CURR. 12mo. pp. 207. London, 1824.

We need not to remind our readers, that although we owe the discovery of New South Wales to British enterprise, our colonies there have had their foundation in British crimes, and further, that though Mr. Curr avowedly writes for emigrants, yet he knows the greater portion of settlers are voluntarily ones, of whom nothing in their living in England was like their leaving it; and who, like Lord Blayney's forced Tour through the Peninsula, make a forced voyage to Botany Bay. The word forced, however, will not be long applicable in the latter case, if the general representations of voyagers to New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land are at all to be relied upon. Philanthropy has done much in improving prison discipline, and we rejoice at it, but there is a point beyond which it ought not to go; and we are firmly of opinion, that no considerable degree of mischief may be done by stripping a goal of its terrors, or representing transportation as a mere change from a worse to a better climate.

But if it is necessary to be thus cautious as to convicts, how much more is it desirable that the free settlers should not be enticed from their home and country by exaggerated pictures of a land of promise—a modern Canaan teeming with milk and honey. We all know that this was the case with that barren wilderness, the Illinois, which was described in such glowing colours by Morris Birkbeck, until Cobbett and other travellers tore away the veil, and proved the 'Prairie' to be a desert to which it would be criminal to transport, much more to a human being. Similar misrepresentations, though not to the same extent, have been made with respect to Van Diemen's Land, of which Mr. Curr says, 'exaggerated statements and false and delusive assertions have been put forth.' He quotes, from a recently published work, a statement that wool grown in Van Diemen's Land, produced 5s. 6d. per pound in the London market, at a time that none had been exported, and that there were saw mills, which, in fact, the colony never heard of.

Mr. Curr, who passed about three years in the colonies of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, avowedly writing for emigrants, wishes to point out the advantages and disadvantages they will have to encounter.

Above all, he inculcates that without industry there is no hope of success: 'too many persons,' he says, and young men particularly, are induced to quite their homes more from a desire of change, and to see the world, than for the purpose of improving their condition by the steady effects of honest industry. To such I offer no hopes and scarcely any advice.'

Mr. Curr commences with a description of Van Diemen's Land, which, he says, is more remarkable for its fine climate than its soil; he adds, however, that 'that person will be unfortunate indeed who, in his choice of a grant of land, does not contrive to have more good soil on his farm than will be likely to be cultivated for some generations to come.' Hobart Town, the capital of Van Diemen's Land, contains 600 houses, and 3,500 inhabitants. Paper money is in great circulation, and so low as notes of sixpence each:—

'Dwelling-houses in Hobart Town are generally of one floor only, though latterly it has been found more advantageous to build them of two stories. When a person of small means can procure an order (which is not only given to emancipated convicts, but also to prisoners of the crown) for an allotment of ground in the town, he usually commences by building what is called a *skilling* or *lean-to*, which composes the rear of his future house, and, as his means improves, he erects a front. The same method is pursued in all parts of the colony.

'The rent of houses in Hobart Town is very high; a cottage consisting of four to six rooms lets for 60l., 70l. and 80l. per annum; a house of two floors, containing eight or ten rooms, for 120l. to 150l. per annum; if in an advantageous situation, 200l. will be given for it. Hobart Town, indeed, is in all respects an expensive place to live in; and it is often difficult to procure the most ordinary comforts and necessities of life. There is a market-place, and a market-day, and I have seen something in print about market-prices; but as yet there is in reality no market. Fire-wood is become a most expensive article, and to obtain it is often difficult.

'The public buildings in Hobart Town are not numerous, nor much disproportionate in their nature to the state of the colony. They are chiefly erected by the prisoners of the crown in their hours of labour. No plan has as yet been adopted to compel this class of people to work as they ought to do. In fact, a crown prisoner in Hobart Town does not perform one third of the daily task of a labourer in this country.

'The moral condition of the lower classes, consisting chiefly of prisoners, or of those who are free by the expiration of their term of servitude, is neither better nor worse than might be expected. A more efficient police, which however it might be difficult to form out of such bad materials, would considerably improve the comforts of the colony.'

The immediate neighbourhood of Hobart Town is not fertile, but the cultivated districts are pretty productive. Sheep-stealing is an ordinary crime, principally committed by persons whose term of transportation is expired, or others who hold what is termed a 'ticket of leave.' This does not say much for transportation as a means of reform:—

'One great cause of the frequency of sheep-stealing, as well as of other crimes, will be found in the nature of the court which should repress it. Van Diemen's Land possesses no permanent criminal court for the trial and punishment of these offenders;—the judge resides in Sydney, and during the last three years has only twice visited Van Diemen's Land. When a person has been robbed, he will choose rather to put up with his loss, than, by going to Port Jackson to prosecute, incur almost certain ruin in his absence. If the perpetrator be apprehended, and he be a prisoner of the crown, the magistrate will generally send him to a secondary place of punishment for the remainder of his original term of transportation, rather than keep him awaiting his trial one or two years in gaol. But if he be free, and consequently not liable to be transported in that summary manner, he has numerous chances, in the course of a long imprisonment, of escaping, or of his conviction being rendered difficult or impossible by the death or removal of witnesses. If the certainty of punishment be the prevention of crime, then is the existing system its greatest encouragement.

'But I turn with pleasure from scenes of plunder and crime, the prevention of which has hitherto employed and baffled the vigilance and power of our most active magistrates and public officers. Crime of this nature gradually ceases as the country becomes better peopled, as property increases in value, and as the majority of settlers become of a more respectable class. The constant residence of a criminal court will be almost a death-blow to these nefarious practices.'

As money is scarce, a great deal of business is done by barter:—

'At one period of the colony, a person desirous of procuring a flock of sheep would

purchase in Hobart Town a cask of rum, which he would plentifully dilute with water. To this he would add a basket or two of Brazil tobacco, a chest of tea, a few bags of sugar, and a bale of slop clothing. With these he would load a cart, and proceed to Norfolk Plains. For every quart of rum, which cost him about four shillings, he would procure a good sheep, or even more, and for his other goods in the same proportion. For two hundred pounds laid out in this way, he would be sure to return in six or eight weeks time with a flock of sheep, worth, after defraying all charges, 700l. or 800l. This is a trade which is not unfrequently carried on to the present day, and, though still very lucrative, is much less so than in former times. The value of stock is increasing, while that of goods is diminished; in addition to which, it is now requisite that these traders should be furnished with hawkers' licenses, which are not granted but to persons of fair character. The small settlers also, from whom they formerly procured their sheep, are no longer possessed of flocks, which, since they have become of value, have passed into the hands of the merchants and traders of Launceston, to whom they are nearly all deeply indebted, and to whom in most cases their farms and stock are transferred.

Notwithstanding the depredations to which sheepfolds are subject, breeding and feeding sheep is more profitable than growing grain. Mr. Curr gives an estimate to show the profits from a sheep-walk, to which we shall refer such of our readers as may wish to visit Australasia:

The horses in Van Diemen's Land are of a breed possessing the most useful qualities. They feed hardly; when in the country, they get little besides the natural coarse grass in which they are tethered, and in town, wheat-straw and bran are their usual food. Latterly, indeed, some hay has been made in the neighbourhood of Hobart Town, partly from rye grass and clover, and partly from wild barley and oats mown green.—The journeys they occasionally [per]form are amazing, seventy and eighty miles through bad roads being no very uncommon day's work: and a horse has been known to draw a gig with two persons in it one hundred miles in the course of a summer's day.

The price of a good horse is from fifty to eighty guineas; and one that works well in harness, particularly a mare, will often sell for one hundred guineas. The few persons who have made the breeding of horses a profession have found it exceedingly profitable, while the expenses, with the exception of the first cost, are very trifling.—An enterprising person about two years since gave the sum of six hundred guineas for a stallion and a mare of the Suffolk breed, which were brought over from England for sale. The horse, however, turned out useless for the purpose of breeding, and is since dead.

At the conclusion of the year 1821, an association was formed in Hobart Town, consisting of the principal landed proprietors and stockholders of the southern side

of the island, under the title of "The Agricultural Society," having for its objects the prevention of stock-stealing, the improvement of the stock and husbandry of the colony, and the rewarding of such farm servants as had distinguished themselves by their good conduct. Many salutary regulations were made; the careful yarding of sheep was strongly recommended; and the bartering of spirits for stock, a practice pregnant with evil, was discountenanced. The members of the society engaged not to suffer their prisoner-servants to become possessed of stock, under cover of which, depredations had been frequently carried on.

On these points the society has had a beneficial influence; but the best regulations within their power will never effect the due prosecution of felons, as the courts of the colony are now constituted. Little emulation has been excited by the medals which were proposed to be distributed to the owners of the best stock of different descriptions; indeed, no person came forward at the appointed period to lay claim to any one of them. The quarterly meetings are seldom attended by any one but the secretary, and I fear that in another year the annual dinner of the members will be the only vestige remaining of "The Agricultural Society of Van Diemen's Land."

For further information on agricultural matters, I will conclude this chapter with a statement of the prices at which some of the products of a farm are sold in Hobart Town, the lower prices being usually the rates in summer, and the higher in winter:

| | s. | d. | s. d. |
|-----------------------|----|--------|-------------------|
| Beef & mutton per lb. | 0 | 6 to 0 | 9 sometimes 1s. |
| Veal | 0 | 10 | — 1 0 |
| Pork | 0 | 10 | — 1 0 and 1s. 3d. |
| Bacon | 1 | 6 | and 1s. 8d. |
| Butter | 5 | 0 | — 6 0 and 7s. 6d. |
| Cheese | 2 | 6 | little made. |
| Milk ... per quart | 1 | 0 | — 2 0 |
| Fowls ... per couple | 4 | 9 | — 6 0 |
| Ducks | 5 | 6 | — 8 0 |
| Geese | 10 | 0 | — 18 0 |
| Turkeys | 8 | 0 | — 12 0 |
| Eggs ... per dozen | 2 | 0 | — 4 6. |

The directions for emigrants are very minute, and we doubt not very correct; but as we suppose not more than a thousand of our readers intend to emigrate to Van Diemen's Land, and the price of the book can be no object in such an adventure, we refer to it. The appendix contains some government regulations, and a Memoir of Michael Howe, 'the last and worst of the Bush-rangers of Van Diemen's Land,' of which we gave an account in No. 55 of *The Literary Chronicle*, as the first child of the press of a state only fifteen years old; we shall, however, glean a few further particulars of this desperado. The leader of the banditti of the Bush-rangers, before Howe, was a man of the name of Whitehead, a marauder of no ordinary character:—

On the 25th of April, 1815, the band, consisting of John Whitehead the leader, Richard McGuire, Hugh Burne, Richard Collier, Peter Septon, John Jones, James

Geary, a deserter from the 73d regiment, and Howe, accompanied by a black native girl, named Mary, with whom Howe cohabited, again appeared at New Norfolk, and robbed the house of Mr. Carlisle, a settler there, who immediately communicated the circumstance to his neighbour, Mr. M'Carty.

The latter being apprehensive for the safety of his schooner the *Geordy*, lying near in the Derwent with valuable property, determined to meet the robbers; and, accompanied by several persons on the spot, who immediately volunteered, commenced a pursuit.

Mr. M'Carty's party, consisting of himself, Mr. Jemott, Mr. James O'Birne, master of the *Geordy*, Keith Hacking, mate, Messrs. Carlisle, Murphy, James Triffitt, John Brown, and ——— Tooms, armed with fowling-pieces and pistols, soon came up with the robbers and commanded them to surrender their arms; the gang instantly commenced firing under cover of and through a large hollow tree, and wounded five of the party, who had the disadvantage of being fully exposed to the fire of the former on every attempt to get a shot at them. Carlisle received a ball in the groin and three slugs in the breast, of which wounds he died within an hour; Mr. Jemott was badly wounded by a ball passing through the thick part of the thigh, in which part Triffitt was also wounded, and Murphy in the abdomen. O'Birne received a ball in the cheek, which perforated the tongue and lodged in the neck, causing his death in a few days. The banditti, availing themselves of the disabled state of Mr. M'Carty's party, demanded him to lay down his arms, which was refused, and a slight firing continued until the wounded were removed, with the exception of Murphy, whose state obliged him to remain at the mercy of the gang; and they were about to add corporal punishment to their victory, but were prevented by their leader Whitehead.

The banditti shortly afterwards revisited New Norfolk. Knowing Mr. M'Carty was absent, and meditating revenge for the opposition met with in their late encounter, they repaired to his premises by night, and wantonly fired a volley in at the window. It happily did no other injury than slightly wounding one soldier. On this occasion they met with an unexpected reception; for a party of the 46th regiment, who had been stationed in the house, commenced a brisk fire, which killed their leader Whitehead.

The party then rushed from the house to cut off the retreat of the banditti, but from the darkness of the night were unable to do so.

When Whitehead received the fatal shot, he ran a few yards towards Howe, crying "Take my watch, take my watch," and then dropped. Howe immediately took off his head; as well perhaps to prevent the body being recognised by their pursuers, as in performance of an engagement which they had made to each other, that, upon any one of them being killed, a survivor should

do this, to prevent from benefitting their heads. The considerable time; the boat, and gibbets. From this period of the banditti. In a subsequent only associate of person of the name. At sun-rise Watts that he was called Long Botcher, and Watts his gun, as probably to them, if I was at the scene, and was a opposite side of came within 90 yards to knock on promising to do any done by both or 40 yards, the which, Watts threw him down took from his pocket and drew next which Howe received they proceeded proposed to take to the hut; which who desired him fence of the moor had arrived but to shear his master, who being his man, alarmed needed in search running towards Williams inquiring that George Watts whom they had point his master is he had got M had got his own the two knives the offered assistance was secured. Watts and Howe towards Hobart Town loaded, walked and. After v Howe found me and in an instant which he had received person. Watts which Howe seized shot Drew down similar fate; for called Slambow serve you the piece." v yards, and laid being faint and soon as he was to reach a settler and, after being he had been s the district corner him to town latter. Watts

to this, to prevent, as they said, any person from benefitting by rewards for taking in their heads. The head of Whitehead was, a considerable time afterwards, found in the woods; the body was brought to Hobart Town, and gibbeted on Hunter's Island. From this period Howe was considered the leader of the band.

In a subsequent adventure, Watts, the only associate of Howe, concerted with a person of the name of Drew, to betray him:

At sun-rise Drew arrived, and told Watts that he was to meet Howe at a place called Long Bottom. They proceeded thither, and Watts requested Drew to conceal his gun, as probably Howe would not come up to them, if he perceived it. Upon arriving at the spot, Drew called several times, and was answered by Howe from the opposite side of the creek. When Watts came within 90 yards of Howe, he desired him to knock out the priming of his gun, promising to do the same: this was accordingly done by both, and after proceeding 30 or 40 yards, they made a fire. Soon after which, Watts caught hold of Howe, and drew him down; Drew tied his hands, and took from his pockets two knives. Watts and Drew next prepared breakfast, but of which Howe refused to partake. Before they proceeded to Hobart Town, Drewe proposed to take his master's gun and dog to the hut; which was agreed to by Watts, who desired him not to mention the occurrence of the morning to Williams; the latter had arrived the evening before at the hut to shear his sheep. Drewe met his master, who becoming, by the absence of his man, alarmed for his safety, had proceeded in search of him; upon Drewe's running towards him with his gun and dog, Williams inquired the cause; Drewe replied that George Watts was stopping with Howe, whom they had taken, whilst he came to acquaint his master, and deliver his musket, as he had got Michael Howe's, and Watts had got his own; he also showed Williams the two knives he had taken, but declined the offered assistance of the latter, as Howe was secured. Upon Drewe's return to Watts and Howe, they all proceeded towards Hobart Town; Watts with his gun loaded, walked before Howe, and Drewe behind. After walking about eight miles, Howe found means to disengage his hands, and in an instant stabbed Watts with a knife which he had remaining secreted about his person. Watts fell and dropped his gun, which Howe seized at the moment, and with a shot drew dead. Watts now dreaded a similar fate; for on asking Howe if he had called Slambow, he replied, "Yes, and I'll serve you the same as soon as I can load the piece." Watts then ran about 200 yards, and laid down amongst some brush, being faint and cold from loss of blood. As soon as he was able to walk, he contrived to reach a settler's house not far distant, and, after being put to bed, told the owner he had been stabbed by Howe, requesting the district constable might be sent for, to take him to town. Upon the arrival of the latter, Watts could only utter his own

name; but the next morning he told the constable that Drewe was killed. The body was found about half a mile from the house where Watts lay, and was conveyed to Hobart Town, for a coroner's inquest, whose verdict was, "That the deceased William Drewe was murdered by Michael Howe."

Watts was conveyed to gaol in a weakly state: he was a runaway from Newcastle, and was sent to Sydney in the Pilot, but under no criminal charge, where he died in the General Hospital, of the wounds received from Howe, in three days after his arrival.

In the month of October, a person named Warburton, in the habit of hunting kangaroos for skins, who had occasional opportunities of seeing Howe, communicated to a crown prisoner, named Thomas Worrall, stock-keeper to Edward Lord, Esq. a scheme for taking him. Worrall agreed to the trial, and with private William Pugh, of the 48th regiment, a man of known courage, and recommended by Major Bell for this service, determined to lay in wait at a hut on the Shannon River, likely to be visited by Howe for supplies. Warburton was to look out for the approach of Howe, and to induce him to come to the hut, under a promise of ammunition; at the same time to signify his approach by a whistle.—This plan proved successful. On the 21st of October, Howe met Warburton near the place already mentioned; he, however, exhibited much distrust of the intention of the latter, and great hesitation in advancing near the hut,—often disappearing to see if any one were watching him. At length, after three hours indeterminate consideration, allured by promises of ammunition, which Warburton said was in the hut, he ventured to enter the door, his musket cocked and levelled; when Pugh instantly fired, but missed him. Howe simply exclaimed, "Is that your game?" and precipitately retreated, but at the same time fired, and missed also. Pugh and Worrall immediately rushed out to run him down, and the latter fired, but none of the shots took effect. Pugh and Worrall gained upon Howe; and now for once he must have felt appalled;—deprived of his pistols shortly before, no time allowed for a second charge, and his pursuers gaining ground, nothing but a miracle could effect his deliverance,—Pugh and Worrall, had now come up with him: a severe encounter ensued; and finally, from well-directed blows on his head with their muskets, fell and expired, without speaking, the last of a lawless murderous banditti!

It will be seen that this work is intended chiefly for emigrants, to whom we unhesitatingly recommend it.

Wolsey, the Cardinal, and his Times; Courtly, Political, and Ecclesiastical. By GEORGE HOWARD, Esq., Author of *Lady Jane Grey* and *her Times*. 8vo. pp. 590. London, 1824.

THE world has produced few more extraordinary individuals than Cardinal Wolsey,

whether we consider his rapid advancement from a very humble origin, the haughty spirit he manifested while in power, or his sudden fall. That the son of a butcher, as his father is generally believed to have been, when raised to the dignity of a cardinal and the principal adviser of his sovereign, should be somewhat maddened by ambition is natural enough, but that he should become as ostentatious and extravagant as Wolsey was, gave proofs of his weakness as strong as his presuming on his influence with such a tyrant as Henry VIII. did of his want of policy and knowledge of the human character. Our great epic poet has said,—

"I charge thee fling, away ambition,—
By that sin fell angels;"

and if angels, no wonder that poor human nature should fall in the struggle against so formidable a tempter as ambition.

Wolsey has not been wanting in biographers, and yet his individual character and the times in which he lived are so extraordinary, that the subject is by no means exhausted. Mr. Howard makes no boasting pretensions of his own talents or facilities, but to one advantage he lays a just claim, that of industriously comparing dates and events, which have, in some instances, been neglected, to the disadvantage of the cardinal, whose actions have been represented as taking place previous to the circumstances which actually led to them; the sources of these mistakes, which are numerous, are well pointed out in the preface.

As the broad features of Wolsey's biography are pretty well known, it can scarcely be necessary to give a connected memoir of his life; of his character, historians are more at variance—perhaps he has not hitherto had justice done to him in this respect. Wolsey was a native of Ipswich, and was born in the year 1471: thus much is certain; tradition says he was the son of a butcher,—this some of his biographers doubt; he was, however, what the President Joannin said of himself—"the son of his own merit," and we seek no higher ancestry. Such men, as La Bruyère well observes, "neither have ancestors nor posterity; they alone compose their whole race."

Where Wolsey received the rudiments of his education is unknown; but, at the age of fourteen, we find him a bachelor of arts, at Magdalen College, Oxford; hence he was called the boy-bachelor, a distinction which says much in favour of the precocity of his talents; it was not, however, to academical studies or honours that Wolsey confined himself, but, like many of the ecclesiastics of an early age, he studied architecture, in which he became a proficient, and, when only twenty-one years of age, designed or erected the finely-proportioned tower of Magdalen College. His first church preferment was the incumbency of Lymington, in Somersetshire, given to him by the Marquis of Dorset, whose sons he had under his care at Oxford. While at Lymington, his moral character does not appear to have been very rigid: it was here that he became father to an illegitimate son, Thomas Winter, on whom he afterwards heaped ecclesi-

astical preferments, even to an archdeaconry; it was here, also, that he committed some excess, for which, it is said, Sir Amyas Poulet put him in the stocks, an insult which was neither forgotten nor forgiven when he became Lord Chancellor.

The good fortune of Wolsey seems for a long time to have overcome all obstacles, and no sooner was one patron dead than another succeeded, so that, in a very short time, he became chaplain to the king, and from this period his rise was rapid; extraordinary despatch in an embassy to the Low Countries, and still more extraordinary foresight in anticipating some alteration in his instructions, which were subsequently sent to him, rendered him a great favourite with Henry VII. Preferments now poured upon him, and, on the death of the king, the new reign opened under circumstances peculiarly favourable to Wolsey, who certainly does not appear to have been very scrupulous as to the means by which he raised himself; so rapid, indeed, and so frequent was his change of title, that Erasmus, who wrote a book about this period to be dedicated to him, declared that, before he could have an opportunity of presenting it to his patronage, he was forced three times to change his style of address. It was not only to civil or ecclesiastical, but also to military and naval affairs, that Wolsey's care was directed, and in all he proves himself to have been a very able politician.

In 1514, Wolsey was first raised to an English mitre, in the bishopric of Lincoln, having previously had the see of Tournay; the same year saw him Archbishop of York, and a great favourite with his sovereign:—

'It was on the 5th of February, 1515, that Wolsey, in the fifth Parliament of the reign, first took his seat on the episcopal bench in the House of Lords; but there is no record of his parliamentary exertions, nor indeed were the proceedings of the legislature of any great moment during that session, with the exception of an act, declaring that no member of the lower house should depart from the Parliament before the end of the session, without license first obtained of the house, and the license to be entered upon record by the clerk of the Parliament, under penalty of losing their stipend!

'This presents a curious picture of home politics, as contrasted with affairs of the present day; and it is further worthy of notice, that a most constitutional reason was advanced, even at the time, for the passing that particular act. It was urged, that it frequently happened towards the close of a session, that various members, true lovers of their country, were in the practice of returning home, apprehending that all matters of moment were then gone through; when, in fact, their absence was taken advantage of, by individuals procuring the passing of bills which would never have been tolerated in full houses.'

'The next promotion of Wolsey was to receive a cardinal's hat, and, as he had already begun to beard the Archbishop of Canterbury, he now set forth two crosses

—one for his see of York, and the other for his cardinal's hat.

'There is rather a whimsical anecdote related of Wolsey, in regard to this cardinal's hat; for we are told, that although "the pope sent him this worthie hat of dignitie, as a jewell of his honour and authoritie;" yet such was either the negligence or the poverty of the holy see, that it "was conveyed in a varlett's budget, who seemed to all men to be but a person of small estimation."

'No sooner, however, was the cardinal informed of this, and of the people's opinion at Dover, where the messenger had landed, than he felt it necessary, for the honour of so high a message, "that this jewell should not be conveyed by so simple a person."

'Accordingly, with true jesuitical cunning, he directed that the messenger should be stopped on his route to town, until he should be furnished with sumptuous apparel of silk, gold, &c. as was meet for an embassy of such high importance. This priestly scarecrow was no sooner equipped in his new costume, than he recommenced his journey, and was met at Blackheath by a gorgeous train of bishops, mitred abbots, and gentlemen of the first rank; from whence he was conducted into the metropolis with a degree of triumph, as surprising to the once ragged messenger, as amusing to those who were in the secret.'

The insolence of Wolsey now generated disgust, and, according to Hall, 'when once he became a perfect cardinal, he looked then, above all estates, so that all men almost hated him and disdained him.'

'It is an important consideration, particularly at the present day, that the allegiance of the Roman Catholic clergy in England has always been stronger towards the pope than even towards their own monarch—a truth which may be fairly stated, yet still not taxing them with active disloyalty. The clerical oaths which they are obliged to take naturally lead to this; let us then look at part of Wolsey's oath, which pledged him to take no part in any business, "neither in council, in deed, or in treaty, in which any thing shall be contemplated against our Lord, or the Romish church, nor prejudicial to it in person, rights, honours, state, or power. If such things I shall know to be procured or treated for, I shall hinder them as much as I can; and, as often as possible, I shall give notice of the same to our Lord. Heretics, schismatics, and rebels to our Lord, and to his successors, I shall prosecute and contend against as far as in my power."

'Wolsey also gave great offence by his superb dress; for his upper vesture was of scarlet, or else of fine crimson taffeta, or crimson satin ingrained. He also wore red gloves, along with his red hat, and shoes of silver gilt, set with pearls and precious stones: and we are told, that when Dr. Barnes was first brought before Wolsey, and admitted into his chamber, on some charge about preaching against the luxury of the clergy, he was obliged to fall upon his knees, when the cardinal is said to have

exclaimed, "What, master doctor, had you not sufficient scope in the scriptures to preach on, but you must meddle with my golden shoes, my poleaxes, my pillars, my golden cushion, my crosses? Did these so offend you, that you must make us ridiculous caput amongst the people? Surely that sermon was fitter for a stage than a pulpit!"

The next step in Wolsey's career was the office of lord chancellor:—

'The new chancellor no sooner felt himself firmly seated than he began to enforce two acts which had passed in the preceding Parliament, called the act of apparel, and the act of labourers; appointing commissioners in every county to see them enforced. Nay, so anxious was he for their due observance, particularly of the first, that he took the law into his own hands; and one day called towards him a gentleman of the name of Simon Fitz-Richard, from whom he took an old jacket of crimson velvet, and various broaches and ornaments. This excited much spleen and ill-will amongst the many, but was to his flatterers and officers only a bad example; so that the Mayor of Rochester, in hopes of court favour, actually exposed a young man in the pillory for wearing a ragged shirt.'

(To be continued.)

Moral Inquiries on the Situation of Man and of Brutes. On the Crime of committing Cruelty on Brutes, and of sacrificing them to the Purposes of Man; with further reflections. Observations on Mr. Martin's Act, on the Vagrant Act, and on the Trend Mills. To which are added, some Improvements in Scapers or Substitutes for Carriage Wheels, a new plan of the same, and some other mechanical Subjects. By LEWIS GOMPERTZ, Esq. 12mo. pp. 178. London, 1824.

WE have copied the whole of this title as an instance of that concatenation of subjects which seems to embrace every thing and several other things besides. It reminds us of the speech of a proprietor, at a recent meeting at the India House, in which Jamaica, St. Domingo, West India slavery, and porter breweries, danced the hays in metaphorical confusion: in one particular, however, the Moral Inquiries of Mr. Gompertz are consistent enough—they all have for their object to support the claim of the brute creation to the mercy of man. This is as certain as one of his own axioms in his preface, namely, that 'if the author's thoughts are the same as those of the reader, it is a truism that the reader's thoughts must be the same as those of the author.'

Mr. Gompertz is a great philanthropist, who dreams of a millenium, when men will not only love each other, but even greet horses and asses, as brothers; the reason why this has not hitherto been the case, is, according to Mr. Gompertz, owing to two circumstances:—'the first, is want of information, and the second is, too much information.' Who shall settle the happy medium? This we leave for the future studies of our author, whose statistical calculations, on the

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number of blows inflicted on the horses in London, prove how minute he is in his inquiries. The blows given to each bad hackney-coach or cart horse, or ass, Mr. Gompertz calculates at three per minute, or one thousand and eighty in the course of six hours! Where is the Knight of Galway, while such excesses prevail? Is he relieving his shirtless and shoeless peasantry at Cunnemara? We fear not.

From inhumanity to horses, asses, oysters, wasps, and beetles, Mr. Gompertz proceeds to consider man's inhumanity to man, in the Vagrant Act and tread-mill; he then flies off at a tangent, to substitutes for carriage-wheels and other mechanical inventions, and afterwards returns to Dick Martin's humanity and Sir John Hippesley's prison discipline improvements. An author like Mr. Gompertz resembles what Falstaff said of Dame Quickly, that he is neither fish nor flesh, and one knows not where to have him. Of the humanity of his work we entertain the highest opinion, while the correctness of some of his observations we readily admit. We cannot, however, allow that the stupidity of an ass is a 'resigned, Christian-like, and even stoic-like fortitude, that would have done honour to Zeno himself,' nor do we prefer the 'playing of two kittens,' or 'their manner of making love,' to 'the playing of two children,' which Mr. Gompertz says, 'however engaging it may be, is certainly vague in comparison to this.' This is one instance, and not the only one, of Mr. Gompertz's attempts to degrade man to or below the level of the brute creation. In another place, he says,—

'That we may take a just view of the nature and state of man, we must first consider him in himself, totally unconnected with his kind, without any other ideas than those he would acquire simply by his own means, and without the assistance of any contrivance to enable him to collect those of others, or even by which he might recollect his own. What a degraded state of humanity would this be!—It appears to me that it might even be inferior to that of most other animals; and that, notwithstanding the boasted superiority enjoyed by man, his real sense may even be less than that of many of them, though I do not assert it to be so.—But, happily for him, and unhappily for other animals, man, by associating with his kind, acquires the power of increasing his knowledge, by which, added to his being furnished with hands, he is enabled to improve his own situation, and to depress that of other animals;—it being a known fact, that wherever mankind dwells, other animals show less sagacity and perform less for themselves than where they are alone. It is true that to man belongs the honour of the invention of language, but which, though more fruitful in its results than the inventions of other animals, may still not have required so much intellect to produce as many of theirs. By the single advantage of speech, and its modification, writing, man may be said to possess his knowledge in a storehouse, which he is continually obliged

to apply to in consulting with his kind, and with his own past ideas: much of the knowledge of the whole species from ages back becomes thus concentrated in each individual, in addition to his own small share. This invention, besides, gives such advantages, and puts the productions of the world so much in the power of man, that other inventions rise in consequence: so that there is scarcely an insect, a vegetable, or a material, but what become applied in various ways to improve the condition of man, and which appears even now to be in its infancy, by the very great superiority possessed by every age over the preceding one.

'What a difference exists in the progress of most of the arts and sciences,—in chemistry, in surgery, in music, in practical mechanics, &c., and by what rapid strides have they advanced! It might thence be inferred, unless much is forgotten, that the species of man has not been long created; and in favour of which hypothesis, we are also furnished with the known fact, that among the different strata which have been examined, are to be discovered almost unequivocal signs of several distinct races of animals, no human bones being found in the very newest deposits, and every formation possessing peculiar organic remains.

'It seems reasonable to expect that the state of man will still be much higher, and that it will rise by degrees to the greatest perfection of which his nature is susceptible: but that he will then be prevented from gaining more knowledge, by his capacity being stocked. If this state should ever arrive, he will probably then lose nearly all his knowledge together; because his thoughts may become so divided, that he may be unable to fix them on any particular thing, one of which may so hide another as to put it nearly out of sight; the attention will, it seems, then sicken at the multitude of subjects, and general ignorance may then be the consequence.'

Mr. Gompertz, it will be seen, entertains some singular opinions: he attributes the superiority of man to his associating with his kind; and yet sheep, geese, as well as most animals that are not domesticated, are gregarious, without encroaching very far on the province of man: beavers will build a house, and monkeys, in India, as Mr. Forbes informs us, will strip one of its shingles; yet we do not find any of these gregarious animals making chairs or tables. A monkey will crack nuts and suck oranges; nay, when domesticated, he may be taught by men to spend any money that is given to him by them, but would he have acquired this knowledge among his own species? We, at least, have not heard of such an instance. Beavers are good navigators, but who ever heard of their constructing their frail barks in such a manner, that cannon-balls discharged against them should recoil on the assailant; and yet Mr. Gompertz knows that such a discovery is not only said to have been made by man, but put to the test of actual experiment. Perhaps the beavers discovered that, as 'any person repeating these experiments should (in order

to avoid the danger) stand at the side of the gun—at a great distance—and tie a string to the trigger, and of course must not place himself either behind or before it,' that it would be of little service, and that, therefore, they would not rob man either of his invention or its exclusive application; or perhaps it is from pure conscientiousness, that the lower animals do not steal our inventions; though, we confess, in many instances, we are less scrupulous, sometimes adopting the cunning of the fox, the surliness of the bear, the treachery of the monkey, and the stupidity of the ass. In this, perhaps, Mr. Gompertz may claim the superiority in behalf of his protégées, dumb animals; if so, we leave him to pursue his triumph.

Letters from North America, written during a Tour in the United States and Canada.

By ADAM HODGSON. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1824.

WE believe our opinions as to the United States of America are pretty well known; we have found, as in many other cases, that the truth really lay between the conflicting statements of travellers. We always consider Jonathan like a young countryman who has not seen the world, and, though not wanting in good sense, is excessively wise in his own conceit—a sort of Major Longbow, continually crying out to all nations, kindred, tongues, and people,—'Nothing can hurt me—there's muscle for you.' During the last war, when Great Britain had to contend against the whole world, the Americans vapoured about their naval superiority as much as if we had no other enemy to contend against; their vessels, which, in complement of metal and men, approached nearer to our seventy-fours, were merely called frigates, and every ship captured from the British, however inferior in size, was hailed as a proof of naval supremacy. The affair of the Shannon and Chesapeake, however, proved the contrary; and those who wish to see the real state of the war, will only have to consult James's History to be convinced that, though the Americans and the Britons are parents of the same stock, it is not the latter that have degenerated.

Mr. Hodgson, in his somewhat tedious work, displays fully as much impartiality as usually belongs to travellers in the United States. Though generally pretty well pleased, he did not find the country better than his own. 'I have not yet learned,' says he, 'to prefer the republican institutions of America to the British constitution; nor do I believe that the mass of the community in America enjoy, practically, a greater security of person or property than in Great Britain.' The Americans are represented, by Mr. H., as cold in their manners, but not uncivil; vanity is a leading foible, particularly in the humbler classes of society: in point of inquisitiveness, Dr. Franklin's anecdote appears to be fully confirmed. An old friend of ours, who had mixed with the Americans in Paris, used to say, that nothing displeased him so much as to see

them cut the crust from their toast and throw it into the fire; and Mr. Hodgson was also displeased with the profusion and waste usually exhibited at their meals: 'Except,' says he, 'in the very best society, the plate is often loaded with a variety of viands, and is dismissed half emptied.' Of their habits of cleanliness, Mr. H. gives an unfavourable account, which will remind the reader of Dr. Lyall's account of the Russians. He says,—

'The next American habit on which I will remark, which always offended me extremely, is the almost universal one of *spitting*, without regard to time, place, or circumstances. You must excuse my alluding to such a topic; but I could not in candour omit it, since it is the most offensive peculiarity in American manners. Many who are really gentlemen in other respects, offend in this; and I regretted to observe the practice even in the diplomatic parties at Washington. Indeed, in the capitol itself, the dignity of the senate is let down by this annoying habit. I was there the first session after it was rebuilt, and as the magnificent and beautiful halls had been provided with splendid carpets, some of the senators appeared at first a little *daunted*; but, after looking about in distress, and disposing of their diluted tobacco at first with timidity, and by stealth, they gathered by degrees the courage common to corporate bodies, and, before I left Washington, had relieved themselves pretty well from the dazzling brightness of the brilliant colours under their feet! It was mortifying to me to observe all this in an assembly whose proceedings are conducted with so much order and propriety, and in chambers so truly beautiful as the Senate and House of Representatives—the latter the most beautiful hall I ever saw.'

We have often taken occasion to reprobate American slavery, and that not without occasion Mr. Hodgson shall show:—

'The other day I passed a plantation, whose owner, a few months before, had shot one of his slaves; and I conversed with a young planter, I think not twenty-two years old, whose general manners bespoke mildness rather than the contrary, who had also shot a slave within a year. The offence, in both cases, was stated to be running away, and no notice whatever was taken of either of the murderers. A friend of mine, who has resided here some time, told me, that calling one morning on a most respectable planter, a man of eminently humane and amiable manners, he was surprised to see him sitting in his verandah, with his gun in his hand, earnestly watching a slave in the court, who was looking up at him with great emotion, as if meditating an escape. By and by, the overlooker came and took the slave away. My friend turned to the planter, and asked him what was the matter. He replied, "While I was at breakfast, that Negro came and delivered himself up, telling me that he had run away from my plantation, to avoid a threatened flogging; but that, as he had returned voluntarily, he hoped I would intercede with the overseer,

and get him excused. I told him I seldom interfered with the overseer, but would send and inquire into the circumstances. I sent for him; but the Negro, in the mean time, apprehending the result, *looked* as if he would dart off into the woods. I ordered my gun, and if he had attempted to stir, I should have been obliged to shoot him dead; for there is no other way of enforcing obedience and subordination."

'A very short time since, a wealthy planter tried to work his slaves half the night as well as the whole of the day. They remonstrated with the overseer, and became refractory, on which the planter undertook to control them. He took his seat on the trunk of a tree to inspect them, with his *gun* in his hand to shoot the first who should shrink. About twelve o'clock at night he fell asleep. The slaves seized his gun, shot him, and burnt him to ashes on the fires which he was compelling them to make at midnight, of the wood they were employed in clearing. The case was so glaring, and the planter's cruelty so notorious, that the matter was hushed up as well as it could be, and the slaves were not punished; though while at Charleston I saw an account of a young Negro woman being burnt to death in South Carolina the week before, for murdering her master. An acquaintance of mine told me he was staying at the time at an inn in the neighbourhood, from which many of the company went to see the horrid spectacle. On so serious a subject as this, I am particularly guarded in mentioning to you nothing for which I have not unquestionable authority. The following fact rests on the evidence of my own senses. At a dining party of five or six gentlemen, I heard one of the guests (who is reputed a respectable planter) say, in the course of conversation, that he shot at one of his slaves last year, with intent to kill him, for running away; that, on another occasion, finding that two runaway slaves had taken refuge on his plantation, he invited some of his friends out of town to dinner and a *frolic*; that after dinner they went out to hunt the slaves, and hearing a rustling in the reeds or canes in which they believed them to be concealed, "they all fired at their *game*, but unfortunately missed." Does not your blood curdle? Yet he did not appear to be sensible that he was telling any thing extraordinary, nor to understand the silence of astonishment and horror. I could extend this sad recital; but why should I harrow up your feelings.'

Again, speaking of Mobile, he says,—

'Profaneness, licentiousness, and ferocity, seemed to be characteristic of the place; and the latter, as manifested in barbarity to the Negro servants, was beyond even what I had anticipated. You continually hear the lash upon their backs, with language which would shock you, even if applied to brutes; and the easy and intelligent expression which I had observed in the countenances of many of the slaves in Carolina and Georgia, had here given place to the appearance of abject timidity or idiotic vacancy. I have seen men, after receiving

a severe flogging, and uttering the most piercing cries, the moment their tyrant's back was burned, burst into a loud laugh, dancing about the room, and snapping their fingers, like a school-boy who wishes to appear as if he "did not care."

Mr. Hodgson, in noticing the vanity of the Americans, says, he has heard some of them say, they expected their countrymen would soon begin to assert that they are not only the most powerful and the most learned, but the oldest nation in the world. The next step, we presume, would be to compare Washington to London,—how truly, Mr. H. will show; he says,—

'In many respects, Washington reminds me very much of a watering-place. Scarcely any of the members reside here, except while Congress is sitting, and then they are in lodgings. The ladies, who accompany their fathers and husbands to see a little of the world, are situated very much as they would be at Harrowgate or Cheltenham, and there are usually many strangers in pursuit of entertainment. It is the residence also of the foreign ministers and the heads of the departments of government. All this, you will readily believe, gives rise to much dissipation. On some of the evenings, there are routs at the houses of one or other of the ministers of the *corps diplomatique*, and the rest are generally anticipated by two or three invitations.

'All, however, complain that this routine becomes very dull before the session closes, as they meet almost the same persons every evening, and the sober ones will seldom go out above two or three times a week. Families who are acquainted with each other, often board together at the large taverns, and the members who are bachelors, for the time being, form messes at the private boarding-houses, where they are often in very close and sometimes very shabby quarters. I think quite the majority of members go to the *capitol* in hackney-coaches; and as the ground has been covered with snow, I have several times seen a sledge and four, with eight or ten senators from Georgetown, in the neighbourhood. The vicinity of Washington is extremely beautiful, but of the eligibility of the situation for the capital of the United States there is a great difference of opinion.'

However extraordinary it may seem, there is scarcely a town in the United States that increases or improves less than the capital, Washington, in whose streets, we believe, sportsmen still indulge in shooting. Mr. Hodgson gives some interesting sketches of American statesmen and American manners, but he has wiredrawn his subject too far, and inserted a good deal which is flat, stale, and unprofitable. In point of impartiality, however, he ranks far above most travellers who have visited America, and, although he may not be altogether free from prejudices, yet he appears to have carefully avoided their influence.

Practical German and Easy Method of Acquiring Knowledge of the Use of the Classical, Commercial Acad. pp. 317. London. The French is the most powerful and the most learned, but the oldest nation in the world. The next step, we presume, would be to compare Washington to London,—how truly, Mr. H. will show; he says,—

Tales for Mother. French of J. 264. London. This is the fourth volume for young ladies, and the first of the series. It is a translation, and the tales of that

Grammaire de l'Anglais. of the French Explained in English. By CHARLES SCHER. A New Edition. London, 1832. This grammar is a good acquisition of the English language by the United States.

Chronology, or the Art of Being an Antiquary from the Earliest Times. By T. 12mo. pp. 3. Absolute perfection is scarcely attainable, even these requirements are the mistake of serious improvement. It is not necessary to require a companion to the

Practical German Grammar; or, a New and Easy Method of acquiring a thorough Knowledge of the German Language. For the Use of Schools and private Students. By JOHN ROWBOTHAM, Master of the Classical, Mathematical, and Commercial Academy, Walworth. 12mo. pp. 317. London, 1824.

The French is the language of polite society, the German is that of commerce, in which it is more extensively used than any other, English excepted. German grammars are by no means scarce, but they have not been formed on a good principle; hitherto, they have generally begun with complex passages, which required all the rules of grammar with which the student can only be acquainted when he has advanced considerably in the volume. In the treatise before us, the rules are clearly explained and exemplified by suitable exercises, particularly in syntax, where the illustrations are ample. The object of the author appears to have been to compress the requisite information within narrow limits as it would admit of, by which means he has succeeded in making an excellent work.

Tales for Mothers. Translated from the French of J. M. BOUILLY. 12mo. pp. 264. London, 1824.

This is the fourth work by M. Bouilly designed for young females, and calculated to lead them from infancy to the time they become mothers. The tales, which are nine in number, are appropriate and well written; they are, however, French, and, even in translation, display some portion of that extravagant sentimentality so peculiar to the tales of that language.

Grammaire de Lhomond; or, the Principles of the French Language, grammatically Explained in English, in Twelve Lessons. By CHARLES ANTOINE ALBERIE DEVISCHER. A New Edition. 12mo. pp. 126. London, 1824.

This grammar is an useful step towards the acquisition of the French language, by a gentleman who is a 'public teacher, authorized by the University of Paris.'

Chronology, or the Historian's Companion; being an authentic Register of Events from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By THOMAS TEGG. 3d Edition. 12mo. pp. 312. London, 1824.

ABSOLUTE perfection, in a work of this sort, is scarcely attainable, and the great object must be conciseness and correctness; but even these require great care and attention, as the mistake in a name, or a date may be of serious import. Several works of this sort have already appeared, but they not only require correcting, but to be continued down to the time. This has been done to a considerable extent, though not so far as it ought to have been, in the little close printed work before us, which is an useful companion to the library table. The Editor

invites information for further additions and corrections, which it is to be hoped will be freely contributed by those who are enabled to do so.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

[The massacre of St. Bartholomew, is one of the foulest outrages ever committed on humanity. It took place during the reign of Charles IX. of France, and is supposed to have been chiefly instigated by his mother, the infamous Catharine de Medicis. The best account of this terrible event, is in the Memoirs of Henry the Great, of which we gave a notice in our last, and we quote it entire.]

'The queen mother, who had spies amongst the Huguenot party, learned the nature of their deliberations; and this determined her to expedite the execution of the plot, which was fixed for the break of day on the festival of St. Bartholomew, the 24th of August, 1572. This resolution took place at the Tuileries, between Catharine, the Duke of Anjou, the Duke of Nevers, the Count of Angoulême, bastard brother of the king, Birague, keepers of the seals, Marshal Tavannes, and the Count de Retz. It was deliberated in this secret council, whether the King of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, and the Montmorencies, should be registered among the proscribed. In the memoirs of Marshal de Tavannes, he ascribes to himself the glory of having, by his advice, saved the lives of the two princes; but it appears that nearly all the members of the council were of that opinion. Some writers have pretended that the original idea was to inspire the Calvinist and Catholic leaders, so as to bring them to open combat; and that, when exhausted with their efforts, the king should have issued from the Louvre at the head of his guards, have fallen indiscriminately upon the mass, and then made a butchery of the whole: in short, it is difficult to say whether the massacre was intended to have been so general. "For myself," exclaimed the queen mother, after the conclusion of the horrid tragedy, "I have no more than six upon my conscience." Great God! what a horrible species of self-security!!

'The first great deed of vengeance—the murder of Admiral Coligny—was confined to his implacable foe, the Duke of Guise; and, in order to obliterate even the shadow of suspicion from the minds of the Huguenots, the princes of Lorraine pretended to have fears of violent measures from their enemies, and under this pretext demanded the king's permission to retire. "Go," said Charles, with an assumed air of rage, "if you are culpable, I shall easily know how to find you again." Being thus dismissed, and enabled to conceal their movements under the semblance of the embarrassment that uniformly accompanies an intended departure, they were the more easily enabled to assemble their creatures without creating suspicion.

'The provost then received his instructions, which were, that the signal was to be the tolling of the bell of the palace clock; two flambeaus were to be placed in a certain window; body guards were to be stationed in all the squares and cross ways; and, in order to know one another, the assassins were to wear a white scarf tied round the left arm, and to place white crosses in their caps. After every thing was arranged, according to the previous dispositions, in the most dreadful silence, the king, fearing to arrest the enterprise from a sentiment of commiseration, did not dare save the Count de la Rochefoucauld, whom he loved. Seeing him, towards night, on the point of quitting the Louvre, Charles invited, and then pressed him to remain: the count, however, refused; when the king, being unable to retain him without hazarding his secret, abandoned him to his fate, shuddering from the bottom of his soul at being thus compelled to sacrifice his friend for the preservation of his secret. Every thing was atrocious in this unexampled conspiracy of a sovereign against his subjects. Its conception, execution, its details, and feelings of the most sacred nature, were either annihilated, changed, or perverted.

Religious zeal became an impious frenzy; filial piety degenerated into sanguinary fury; and obedience to the monarch was changed to the most execrable cowardice.

'Charles, uniformly followed by his mother and the Duke of Anjou, entered a small study adjoining the portal of the Louvre; he seated himself under the archway of one of the windows, and looked out, shuddering with apprehension. The report of a pistol was heard! "I cannot say from what direction," says the Duke of Anjou, "the noise proceeded, but I well know the sound deeply affected us all three; it struck our senses and our judgments, bewildered with apprehensions and terrors, with a certainty of the great enormities which were on the eve of perpetration." The king, struck with horror, arose, and in conjunction with the queen and the Duke of Anjou, immediately despatched a gentleman with directions to the Duke of Guise to undertake nothing against the person of the admiral,—a command which, if attended to, would have put a stop to every thing; but it was too late! The vindictive duke, fired with vengeance, had with difficulty awaited to behold the projected signal in order to rush to the dwelling of his victim. In the king's name, the doors were immediately opened, and the porter who surrendered up the keys was stabbed on the instant. The Swiss of the Navarre guard, surprised, took flight and concealed themselves; when three colonels of the French troops, accompanied by Petrucci, Siennois, and Bême, a German, with an escort of soldiers, rushed into the hotel, and precipitately ascended the staircase. From the dreadful noise which resounded in all directions, the admiral immediately surmised that his life was

sought for. He rose from the bed, and, leaning back against the wall, with clasped hands and eyes devoutly raised to heaven, began to ejaculate a contrite prayer. Having forced open the bed-room door with cries of *death! death!* Bême rushing forward, sword in hand, was the first to behold Coligny, thus fervently occupied, who instantly exclaimed, "*Is it thou who art Coligny?*" "*It is I myself,*" answered the admiral, who thus continued: "*Young man, respect my white hairs.*" Bême replied by plunging his sword into his body, upon which the admiral fell bathed in his blood, when he was instantly pierced by an hundred other swords. "*It is done,*" cried Bême from the window. "*The Duke of Angoulême will not believe it,*" answered the Duke of Guise from the street, "*but on beholding the corpse at his feet:*" and instantly the mutilated carcass was precipitated from the casement into the court-yard. The Duke of Angoulême then wiped the gore from the admiral's visage with his own hand, in order to recognise the features; after which the prince is stated to have so far forgotten himself as to kick the corpse about with his feet. Hatred combining with every impulse of vengeance, and the very last degree of dastardly barbarity having been adopted, the body became a prey to all the disgusting outrages of popular frenzy. The admiral's head was severed from the trunk, and the corpse, cruelly mutilated, dragged through the streets to the place of execution, and there suspended by the feet to the gibbet of Montfauçon.

'On the 24th of August, 1572, at four in the morning, the palace bell tolled—the fatal signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew; which announced to the catholics that Admiral Coligny was no more. The assassins, who were armed with daggers and pistols, had adopted the preconcerted badges on their arms and in their caps, in order to recognise one another. On hearing the shoutings, cries, and tumult, which immediately followed the sound of the palace bell, the Calvinists, half dressed and unarmed, rushed forth from their dwellings: those who proceeded to gain the residence of the admiral, were slaughtered by the company of guards posted in front of the entrance; if they sought for refuge in the Louvre, they were driven back by the pikes of the soldiers, and assailed by discharges from fire-arms; and in their flight from thence they fell amidst the troops of the Duke of Guise and the patrols of citizens, who made a horrid carnage of the defenceless fugitives. The populace, *en masse*, now aroused, flew to arms, seizing every weapon which presented itself, and then rushing in crowds to every quarter of the city; no sound was heard but the horrible cry—*Kill the Huguenots!* From the streets they proceeded to the hotels, when, forcing open the gates, breaking the windows, and throwing down walls, every one, without any distinction of age or sex, was indiscriminately mas-

sacred; the air resounded with the horrid cries of the murderers, the piercing shrieks of the wounded, and the groans of the dying; the slaughter became general. During the first day no pillage took place: the thirst for cupidity was smothered by the impulse of barbarous rage; victims, and not riches, were then the objects of their search; gold was despised, and nothing worthy of consideration but human blood. Headless trunks were every instant precipitated from the windows into the court-yards of the streets; the gateways were choked up with the bodies of the dead and dying, and the streets presented a spectacle of human bodies dragged by their butchers in order to be thrown into the Seine.

'The royal palace, which ought to have offered a sacred asylum, a paternal refuge, was stained by the same horrors. In a moment the Louvre was filled with assassins. The king of Navarre was suddenly awakened from his sleep by the forcing open the door of his chamber by several of his friends and officers; some, already wounded, rushed forward to die at his feet, while the remainder were butchered under his eyes. Henry, unable to defend them, disdained to seek refuge in flight: the murderers surrounded his bed, and uttered loud menaces; but he manifested so much firmness, and inspired them with such a sentiment of respect, that they did not dare attempt his life; or, we may almost say, that a miracle of Divine Providence rescued the prince, who was intended at a future period to repair so many ills. Henry at length found means to escape to the royal apartments; and the assassins, an hour afterwards, forced their way to the chamber of the young queen Margaret, whose interesting narrative, recorded by herself, we will now proceed to give, as a most lively record of this horrid scene.

'The night of the affair of Saint Bartholomew, the queen mother, perceiving her daughter up rather late, commanded her to retire. "*As I was in the act of performing my obeisance,*" says Margaret, "*my sister of Lorraine took me by the arm, stopped me, and beginning to weep most bitterly, said: Good heaven, sister, do not go!*" On witnessing this conduct, Catharine became irritated, and reproached her eldest daughter for the impudence of her conduct. "*What a sight,*" answered the former, "*to send her thus to be sacrificed! If they discover any thing, they will avenge themselves upon her.*" The altercation finished by Margaret receiving fresh commands from her mother to retire; when her sister, bursting into tears, embraced her. "*As for myself,*" continues Margaret, "*I quitted the chamber astonished and quite bewildered, without having the most distant idea of any thing that was to be apprehended.*"

"Summoned to the apartment of my husband, I found his bed surrounded by thirty or forty Huguenots, whom I did not as yet know; during the night they con-

tinued to converse of nothing but the accident which had happened to the admiral. The tears of my sister still continued to weigh heavy at my heart, and I could not sleep for the dreadful apprehensions she had excited, without being able to divine the cause. In this manner the night passed on, without my being allowed to close my eyes." Before dawn of day, Henry arose and quitted the chamber, accompanied by all his gentlemen; when the young queen, overcome by fatigue, caused the doors to be closed, and then resigned herself to sleep.

'About an hour after, Margaret suddenly started, aroused on hearing a noise occasioned by some one striking against the door with their feet and hands, and crying aloud *Navarre, Navarre!* Her attendant believing that it was the king, opened the door; when a man bleeding profusely reeled forward into the apartment, followed by four archers, who entered promiscuously with him: he had received a sword-wound in the wrist, and one from a halberd in the arm; "*Being anxious to screen his person,*" continues Margaret, "*he threw himself on my bed; upon which, finding my person grasped by the man, I sprang to the bedside, and he after me, continuing to clasp me round the body. I did not know the man, and had no knowledge whether he came to offer me insult, or if the archers intended their attacks against him or myself. We both screamed aloud, the one being as much affrighted as the other.*" At length the captain of the guard arrived, who sent away the archers, and spared the man's life, in consequence of the queen's entreaties, after which he conducted her to the apartment of the Duchess of Lorraine. Just as Margaret entered the antechamber, a gentleman at three paces distance was pierced through by a halberdman, and fell dead at her side; upon which she fainted, and was not restored until she found herself in safety with her sister.

'The first terror experienced by Margaret, was for the safety of the king her husband; she in consequence made inquiries, and received assurances that no ill had befallen him. Charles the Ninth had commanded that the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé should be conducted to his presence; he received them with an expression of ferocity, and eyes sparkling with rage, immediately stating, that the admiral and his rebel chiefs had been slaughtered by his command; that with respect to themselves, being fully convinced that they had been led into the revolt more from evil advice than of their own free will, he was ready to pardon them, provided they would abjure their false religion, and adopt the Catholic persuasion; but, as the answer was rather ambiguous, and embarrassed, Charles allowed them three days for consideration. Perefex says that the king's words, on the entrance of the princes, were, "*Death or the Mass!*"

'From the chamber in which this interview took place, King Henry and the

Prince of Condé, groans of their were perpetrated guards having rows, ran through disarmed victims them for assistance thrust forward to they expired, pi other. The stroke of death others appealed kings royal wor cry, "*vindicate* Just Judge, aven Nothing, ho progress of the for three days. sleep was expelled from the wa were heard, bu pair; Heaven, ing moment, w ing victims; slaughter prow tinned sole des During the two the horrid spec to assault and a infuriate popul with pistols, da scoured the str from the devas the slaughtered without opposit ture, and viand the discharge o the dashing of s the casements the cries and g the dying, or t tions and howli streets were sca limbs; hotels, ings, were reek of death and d side, and under ances; in all loaded with p tained heaps o cast into the for several days gore.

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Prince of Condé could hear the last groans of their friends, whose murders were perpetrated in the Louvre. The guards having ranged themselves in two rows, ran through with their halberds the disarmed victims who were presented to them for assassination, and who were thrust forward to the midst of them when they expired, piled in heaps one upon the other. The major part received the stroke of death without uttering a syllable, others appealed to public faith, and the king's royal word, "Great God!" was their cry, "vindicate the cause of the oppressed: Judge, avenge this perfidy!"

Nothing, however, could impede the progress of the carnage, which continued for three days. During that lapse of time sleep was expelled by homicide and terror from the walls of Paris. No sounds were heard, but those of rage and despair; Heaven, outraged at each succeeding moment, was only invoked by expiring victims; indefatigable and furious slaughter prowled unceasingly, and continued sole despot of that immense city. During the two last days, Paris presented the horrid spectacle of a place given up to assault and abandoned to pillage. An infuriate populace and soldiery, armed with pistols, daggers, pikes, and stakes, scoured the streets, or rushed in crowds from the devastated houses, leaving only the slaughtered bodies, and carrying away, without opposition, jewels, plate, furniture, and viands. Nothing was heard but the discharge of pistols and arquebuses, the dashing of stones and missiles against the casements and houses, mingled with the cries and groans of the wounded and the dying, or the blasphemous imprecations and howlings of the murderers. The streets were scattered over with mangled limbs; hotels, palaces, and public buildings, were reeking with blood; the image of death and desolation reigned on every side, and under the most hideous appearances; in all quarters carts were seen loaded with plunder, while others contained heaps of bodies, destined to be cast into the river, whose waters were for several days sullied by tides of human gore.

During this horrid period, every species of the most refined cruelty became exhausted; the weakness of infancy proved no impediment to the impulse of ferocity; children of ten years, exercising the first homicidal deed, were seen cutting the throats of infants in their swaddling clothes! The venerable Brion, upwards of eighty years of age, and governor of the Prince de Conti, finding himself surrounded by a band of assassins, seized his young pupil and clasped him in his arms, in the hope of finding in him a safeguard; this proved, however, of no avail, for the old man was poniarded, in spite of the efforts of the prince, who, weeping bitterly, stretched forth his little hands, in order to ward off the daggers of the inhuman assailants. Francis de Caumont, sleeping between his two little sons, was stabbed with

the eldest; the second only escaping by counterfeiting death, and concealing himself under the bleeding bodies of his father and brother. The Marquis of Revel running in his shirt to the banks of the Seine, and having cast himself into a boat, was killed by a ball from an arquebuse, levelled at him by his cousin Bussi d'Amboise.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ORIGINAL.

FOOTMEN.

AT a season when every person is subject to making (at least) short excursions into the country, and when every description of men, from infancy to age, from a peer to a shoe-black, may be frequently met with on the roof of a stage coach, we trust it will be deemed by no means derogatory to our editorial dignity, to confess that it is a place which we frequently occupy, and where we endeavour, though often with little effect, 'to look into the ways of men.'

Strong and sharp as the characteristics of Englishmen are said to be, yet the general taciturnity to which they are given, the frittering polish to which the inhabitants of London are inevitably subject, added to the little necessity there is for unfolding pretensions or securing good-will during a single stage, prevent even the most sharp-sighted traveller from picking up knowledge or amusement, on these occasions, to any extent. A man may pass from Peter-sham to Piccadilly, with a shop-keeper on his right, a sharper on his left, a member of Parliament on the box, and wealthy bankers or penny-less officers in the rear, without exchanging so many words as will help him to a single idea on the subject of human pursuit, sentiment, or occupation. If the same persons were met within a hundred miles from town, or even destined to travel a hundred miles together, there would unquestionably be a considerable difference in their manner,—something to reveal or to conceal, to display or to hide, must occur, and we should be pleased by information, disgusted by ignorance, or amused by humour; but these developments require more than ten miles of good road to unfold them.

But, however jumbled men of all descriptions may be, by these convenient mediums of transferring themselves, and although a poor devil in a good coat may carry 'outward and visible signs' of respectability, so as to place him on a par with his fellow traveller who hath that 'which passeth

all show,' yet we all occasionally meet with one who is distinct, and to a certain point divided, from his brother man. Whatever may be the general benevolence of countenance, or freedom of speech passing, when substantial citizens are taking their places, never have I observed a footman approach them, clean and smart as he might be, and probably possessing from nature precisely that countenance which is received in all countries as a letter of recommendation, but there was a gathering up of the coat-skirts, a drawing together of the person, a shrinking of the very muscles, as if contamination were in his touch, and degradation in breathing the same air with him. His coloured cape, though less weighty than the collar of the Saxon serf in *Ivanhoe*, sets a mark upon him not less effectually, and the hen-pecked tailor who is trembling lest his 'wife should pull his vig,' grows proud as he contrasts himself with one whom he deems a bondman—one whom no assumption of importance, no natural advantage of person, or acquired finesse of manners, can be able to pass for that which he is not.

So frequently have I been hurt by witnessing this want of kindly feeling towards those who have a right with myself to the courtesies of an hour under such circumstances, that never do I see one of these party-coloured men clambering the hind part of the coach, or pressing with instinctive and habitual obsequiousness against the iron, without affording him all the accommodation in my power, and contriving now and then to ask him a civil question. I know that, generally speaking, he belongs to a race not very deserving of pity—a proud, conceited, ignorant, presuming race; but yet, for the time being, his situation is pitiable, for it is isolated: with lower people he would be great himself, with higher people he might happen to meet a little notice for the sake of those to whom he belonged; but *here* (at least nineteen times out of twenty) he carries a mark, which, without the blame of infamy, yet produces its effects. He is held in the light of one who has sold himself to do the will of another—who, in the badge of servitude, doubles its yoke, and although all around him, perhaps, are not one whit less servants than himself, and many do not enjoy half his privileges, yet all hold him as their inferior.

Perhaps this disposition, lamentable as we have often felt it to be in the mo-

ment when it was evinced, is on the whole necessary, since it is certain that these personages, as being ignorant and pampered, well dressed, well fed, without care, and with little labour, might otherwise become more intolerable nuisances in society than they are frequently found to be. Who that sees a bevy of them round the Bazaar or waiting in the lobbies, that does not wish so many fine, six-feet, athletic, soldier-like men, better employed? and feel convinced that they are an idle worthless train of parasitical menials, who ridicule the hands that feed them, despise the humble soil that bred them, and, in the insolence of their prosperity, deride those who are every way better than themselves?—Hence the general prejudice against them appears just. In this view, perhaps, it is well that the humble mechanic and the laborious husbandman should nourish a sentiment which offers some consolation for the evils of his own situation, and find his own pride an equivalent for the footman's vanity, his sense of freedom a sweetener of the precarious and scanty board supplied by his labour.

Yet it is certain there are two periods in the life of a footman which present him to our eyes as an interesting spectacle—youth and age. When a country lad of sprightly, pretty, delicate frame, is taken from the severe toil to which he was early destined and yet unequal—when he is arrayed in trappings to which he affixes only the idea of honourable distinction—exchanges hard crusts and tough cheese for roast beef and strong beer—the kind commands of an indulgent old lady, for the compelling voice of a sturdy ploughman,—the smiles of the maids for the drudgery of a farm-house, pig-feeding, cow-driving, hungry lout, what a change takes place! He steps at once into a new being: the butterflies are not more fine, more sportive, more changed. Where is the philosopher amongst us that would not play the fool under so complete an intoxication? For a season he is a happy harmless coxcomb: his awkwardness is ludicrous, his joyfulness exhilarating, and many a time have we looked at him with a sense of amusement in his folly, perhaps not quite untinged with envy of his felicity.

The aged footman inspires a deeper and better feeling: his thin spare form, half burdened by weighty habiliments—the white hairs which fall scantily on his powdered brow—the eye, which long habit has rendered quick to discern—and the slow gait, which yet assumes rapidi-

ty in its services,—present to us a respectable and even affecting character. We see, or think we see in him, the old retainer of a noble and ancient house,—one who has shared in the feelings and partaken the changes which belong to all sublunary things, and in his very servitude improved his nature. Forgetting himself, he has lived, though at humble distance, in the fortunes of his lord, and every branch of the house to which he was attached has been watched with pride by his eyes, and held with increasing affection to his heart;—all domestics, so situated, soon learn family secrets, though they are excluded from family consultation, and the old footman has often sighed for his lord's losses, though they impaired not his personal comforts. He has also rejoiced with *his* joys, and when those boys 'whom he has borne on his back a thousand times,' go forth into the world to triumph or suffer, feels for them at once the anxiety of a parent, the respect of a dependant, and that love which belongs exclusively to early services, and renders a nurse dear as a mother. When the young baron makes his maiden speech in the House, when master Alfred becomes a captain, or the young ladies marry greatly, the old footman gets proud, and steps heavily, as one who feels his own importance. When the time comes that their children visit the mansion, he thinks *them* still fairer and braver than those who went before them, and with a grandsire's fondness listens to their prattle and admires their knowledge: his place now should be more easy, but he wishes to increase the circle of duties which keep him near to those he loves, and in cutting a stick for his third young master, loses the pain which his first master's increasing infirmities have given. Every year and every ailment diminishes the distance of rank, and increases the ties of affection between him and his beloved lord, whom yet he waits upon often with increased deference, that younger men may learn due observance to age not less than rank. He adds a few years to his own age, that he may be still more closely coupled with his master, and he loses all recollection that they can be parted, by degrees assuming solicitude openly on marriages and portions, the disposal of heiresses and estates, and, when the head of the house drops, thanks God that he shall soon follow, and laments the situation of those who will experience this two-fold evil.

Happy is the master who has such a servant, and not less happy the servant

who, in thus fulfilling his duties and exercising his affections, ennobles his station, and throws the radiance of virtue on the path of obscurity. B.

The Rambles of Asmodeus, No. XV.

I HOPE my readers are not tired of the 'here-awa-there-awa-wandering Willie' sort of discoursing in which I indulge so freely: if they are, and no events of importance occur on which I can dwell, Asmodeus's occupation is gone,—for I cannot, like Tom Thumb, make the giants before I kill them. I have this week scoured both hemispheres, and my note-book will scarcely supply sufficient materials for a decent article. I pointed one of the field-pieces (which secured us the field) in the late battle with the Ashantees on the 11th of July. I drank a glass of Scotch ale with Captain Lyon, of the Griper, just before he quitted Hudson's Straits for Repulse Bay, where, I trust, he will find sufficient cause to change its name. I have visited the camp of Bolivar, and pronounce his army fully able to achieve the independence of Peru; and I personally thanked the Liberator, in behalf—not of the congress of Columbia, but of all the patriots of all countries, for his disinterestedness, in relinquishing his salary of 30,000 dollars, which the congress had assigned him. It is true we had an instance of a governor-general of India giving up a large share of prize-money; but no man should be generous before he is just, or purchase popularity unless he can pay for it;—such is not the case with Bolivar.

Returning from Peru, I paid a visit to my old friends the Yankees, who have got a *rara avis* among them—nothing less than a marquis, a sort of exotic which will not thrive in a republican soil. The Americans, with all their pretended philosophy, are 'pleased with a feather,—tickled with a straw;' and the cries of *El re absoluto* of the poor bemonked devils of Spain, or the *Vive le mort* of the French revolution, are not more absurd and extravagant than the adulations with which the Marquis de la Fayette is cheered or assailed in the United States;—nay, the very horses are taught to welcome this lucky *chiel*, who has passed through two revolutions scatheless. 'Behave pretty now, Charley,' said the driver of La Fayette's coach, to one of his horses, 'behave pretty, Charley—you are going to carry the greatest man in the world.' Whether Charley was obedient or not, the New York papers which relate this in-

esting anecdote have an old story with 'nothing but blubbering a poor, and offering an asylum for a very child'—copped the m Common, and I stretched doggr were Yankee ending with the Go, fragile off'ring for bosoms feel, w Some of the c equivocal:—we presented to the

Whom the Engl the French it; nor do the republican the pitchforks west, and the un in short, instead a veteran a salu have a holyday may strain their Fayette. The he is called, re Solid men of Bos Solid men of Bos and wishing of the birth-revolution, ne rum before d speeches; he happiest man t when a little g stepped forward his barouche, and made a br language, the g sent, placed it of treating lit eat speech i merely 'kisse The general co was, perhaps, descended) sh soldiers, who and with Char Agamemnon, the honour of of forty years On visiting was squeezed t ed for the o greens on a across Hanove tion,—

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interesting anecdote do not state. Then we have an old Connecticut soldier, with 'nothing a-day' to keep himself, and offering him his log-house for an asylum for life. The American cause has also been invoked, and the whole is a very childish affair; a little girl snatched the marquis on Charlestown Common, and lisped in numbers some wretched doggerel, in which *smile* and *were* were Yankee'd into rhyme, and concluding with the following couplet:—

Go, fragile off'ring; speak the ardent joy
Your bosoms feel, which time can ne'er destroy.'

Some of the compliments seem rather equivocal:—we do not find the marquis presented to the American Hannibal,—

'General Shackson,

Whom the English turn'd their backs on,'

as the French songster at New Orleans has it; nor do we find him reviewing the republican army,—perhaps because the pitchforks are wanted for the harvest, and the umbrellas are out of repair. In short, instead of troops, to give the veteran a salute, we find the schools have a holiday, that the young urchins may strain their throats in bawling out, *Fayette*. The marquis, or *markiss* as he is called, recollecting that—

'Solid men of Boston make no long potations—
Solid men of Boston make no long orations,'

and wishing to follow the example of the birth-place of the American revolution, neither drinks bumpers of rum before dinner, nor makes long speeches; he merely says he is the happiest man that ever lived; and even when a little girl, five or six years old, stepped forward, and, being placed in his barouche, presented him a wreath, and made a brief address in the French language, the general accepted the present, placed it on his arm, and, instead of treating little mademoiselle with a neat speech in his own language, he merely 'kissed the child in rapture.' The general condescendingly (though it was, perhaps, the Americans who condescended) shook hands with a few old soldiers, who pretended to know him, and with Charley Mathews's sable friend, Agamemnon, who vowed that he had the honour of being his nigger upwards of forty years ago.

On visiting Charlestown, the marquis was squeezed through civic arches, erected for the occasion, like Jack-in-the-greens on a May-day. One, erected across Hanover Street, bore for inscription,—

'Our rallying words shall be
La Fayette and liberty,'

On another there was inscribed:—

'WELCOME.

'Honour to whom honour is due,
Long life to La Fayette and liberty too.'

I like the idea of the marquis running a race of longevity with liberty; he has run it once in France, and, like John Gilpin, 'won it, too:' but we suspect the United States will distance him hollow. None of the American inscriptions, however, pleased me half so much as one, placed, not over a triumphal arch, but over the door of a Hiberno-American's potatoe store: it was as follows:—

'Long life to that fine *cratur*, the Marquis de la Fayette;

He owes nature a debt, but I hope he never will pay it.'

The Spaniard's wish that you may live a thousand years was nothing to the prayer of poor Pat, which was quite as sincere as the best compliment among them all. The Americans are, in fact, half frantic at the visit of De la Fayette, and some of them have actually become deranged: as a proof of it, we quote the following anecdote from a New York paper, where it is termed 'as neat and well-turned a compliment as could be paid:—'Mr. Hurley, a hatter, having presented to General La Fayette a handsome cocked hat, Mr. G. Washington la Fayette sent to Mr. H.'s shop to procure a hat for himself. This was immediately furnished; but when payment was offered, Mr. H. declined, saying, "That all the hats he could supply the La Fayettees with were paid for forty years ago!!"

No wonder hatters are foolish, when heads are turned, and even the heads of newspaper-editors; one of whom thus expresses himself:—'Let the presidential candidates go; let domestic news of murders, and fires, and fevers, of cases of law, of physic, and of divinity, of agriculture, of new inventions, of old jokes, sea-serpents, piracies, and Crawford meetings, go. For the present, we must and will turn our attention to General La Fayette, and who will say, who dare say, they are tired of it?'

Here's a pretty considerable bit of a hubbub about a worn out veteran, who lent his sword some forty years ago, and engaged in a quarrel with which he had no more business to meddle than in the disputes between Sir John and Lady Winington, whose conjugal squabbles have so recently figured in the newspapers and at the police-office.

Tired, if not disgusted, with American frivolity, I determined on setting out for Europe;—not in a steam-boat or balloon, oh no! I guess I knew better than that. I had just learnt, by the Newbury

Post paper, that 'Mr. Ruggles, a gentleman of Bristol county,' had seen the sea-serpent, and I determined that he should convey me across the Atlantic. I did not slip into his belly, *à la Jonah*,

'Head and feet together,

Among such grease as would a thousand smother,'

as Zachariah Boyd so emphatically describes the residence of that 'living man within a monster's maw;'—engaging a common pilot-boat, I threw myself into it at Boston, and found that the sea-serpent's tail reached into the harbour; I passed my eye along his back, and found his head in the direction of the Isle of Wight; I therefore threw a saddle across his tail, and my two legs across it, gave the serpent a gentle kick, when, turning on a pivot, I found myself, in less than five minutes, at Cowes, seated to an excellent dinner, at the Marine Hotel, with my old friend, Sir Godfrey Webster, and other members of the Royal Yacht Club. How many ships were lost by the motion of the sea-serpent's head and tail I did not stop to inquire; but they will, no doubt, be duly reported in Lloyd's list, to which I refer the curious in these matters.

On my arrival at Cowes, I found that Major Cartwright and Louis XVIII. were both dead, and that Charles X. had slipped into the shoes of the latter. I hastened to the French capital, and found the Parisians crying with one eye and laughing with the other, reminding me of the picture at Bowles's, in St. Paul's Church Yard, of a figure which is half a skeleton and half a lady of fashion.

I returned to London in time just to see the poor major's coffin proceeding to its tomb at Finchley. The chief mourner was Dr. Gilchrist, who, to show his great respect for the father of reform without a child, had put his whiskers in mourning on the occasion. The major was an honest man, but too violent in his politics; there was, however, no danger of him until he fell into the hands of the radicals. Alderman Garratt, who I am happy to find Lord Mayor Elect, and with whom I dined at the Mansion House on Michaelmas Day, handed me the following epitaph on the major, which appeared to me to be in the handwriting of Alderman Wood; if so, it speaks much for his poetic powers and discrimination:—

'Here lies Major Cartwright,

Whom every body knew;

Whose head was only part right,

But whose heart was always true.'

I had much rather have finished with an epigram, than an epitaph: but

there is a time to be sorrowful (though never I hope to be dull) for all men, and even for
ASMODEUS.

Biography.

SIR HENRY RAEBURN*.

HENRY RAEBURN was born on the 4th of March, 1756, at the village of Stockbridge, in the near neighbourhood of the city of Edinburgh. He was the son of Mr. Robert Raeburn, a respectable manufacturer. He received, at the grammar school of Edinburgh, the classical education in Latin and in Greek, which that seminary is well known to afford on a very excellent plan; and there he had the happiness of gaining, to a very high degree, both the esteem and affection of his teachers and his school-fellows. With some of them, afterwards highly respectable in life, and, among others, with the Right Hon. William Adam, now Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court in Scotland, he formed friendships which continued uninterrupted till his death.

After finishing his grammar-school education, he was, by his father's advice, persuaded to make choice of a mechanical employment, and was articulated as an apprentice to an eminent goldsmith. It was in this situation that my first acquaintance with him commenced, and that, too, on a melancholy occasion.—Mr. Charles Darwin, son of the justly celebrated Dr. Erasmus Darwin, died during the course of his medical studies at Edinburgh. At that time I had the honour, though a very young medical lecturer, of ranking Darwin among my number of my pupils.

On the death of young Darwin, I was anxious to retain some slight token in remembrance of my highly-esteemed young friend; and, for that purpose, I obtained a small portion of his hair. I applied to Mr. Gilliland, at that time an eminent jeweller in Edinburgh, to have it preserved in a mourning-ring. He told me, that one of his present apprentices was a young man of great genius, and could prepare for me, in hair, a memorial that would demonstrate both taste and art. Young Raeburn was immediately called, and proposed to execute, on a small trinket, which might be hung to a watch, a Muse weeping over an urn, marked with the initials of Charles Darwin. This trinket was fi-

* The Memoir was written by Dr. Andrew Duncan, an otogenarian, and friend of the late Sir Henry Raeburn, and was read by the author, at a recent meeting of the Harveian Society of Edinburgh.—ED.

nished by Raeburn in a manner which, to me, afforded manifest proof of very superior genius, and I still preserve it as a memorial of the singular and early merit both of Darwin and of Raeburn.

From that period, my intimacy with Raeburn had its commencement. For I derived no small gratification from cherishing the idea, that I might be able to lend my feeble but willing aid in fostering rising genius.

Before Raeburn's apprenticeship with Mr. Gilliland was finished, he had drawn, at his leisure hours, many miniature pictures, in water colours, in such a style as clearly to demonstrate that nature had intended him not for a goldsmith, but for a very excellent portrait painter; and it was amicably agreed between him and his master, that he should change his profession. Accordingly, self-taught, he became a miniature painter in Edinburgh. In this employment, however, he did not long persist; for he had sufficient ambition to think that, as a portrait painter in oil colours, he might imitate the noble example of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose portraits were at that time viewed with admiration by every discerning Briton.

Having obtained proper introductions to Sir Joshua, he went to London, to have his future destiny regulated by the advice of that able and liberal-minded judge. From Sir Joshua he met with that favourable reception which might have been expected from an enlightened and sincere friend to modest merit. Sir Joshua not only bestowed high approbation on the specimens of young Raeburn's abilities which were presented to him, but strongly recommended it to him to persist in his intended plan. For that purpose he advised Raeburn to put himself under the tuition, not of the living, but of the dead. He persuaded him immediately to visit Italy, and there to study the paintings of the most eminent artists that have yet lived.

To Rome Raeburn accordingly went, where he met with the same flattering reception as in London. At Rome he remained for upwards of two years, assiduously studying the great works of art with which Rome abounds. Instructed by the study of ancient painters, he returned to Britain, and, with a view of following the profession of a portrait painter, he fixed his residence at Edinburgh, in the twenty-second year of his age.

Soon after his return, he married a widow lady, of whom he had for several years been an admirer. By her he became the possessor of the romantic villa

of St. Bernard's, on the Water-of-Leith, about a mile from apartments which he took for the prosecution of his profession, in one of the principal streets of New Edinburgh. In these apartments, however, he remained only for a short time. To afford more ample accommodation, both for finishing and for exhibiting his pictures, he soon purchased an area in another new street, York Place, and built upon it a large house, which he fitted up with every convenience that a portrait painter could desire. There his operations were carried on, and there his pictures were exhibited, till his lamented death put a final close to his labours.

Of his success as a painter, to those who now hear me, and to whom opportunities are daily afforded of witnessing the wonderful efforts of his pencil, I need say nothing. Permit me, however, to observe, that our Harveian Society, now assembled in this room, were in some degree instrumental in giving him a favourable introduction to public notice; for, very soon after he settled here, we employed him to draw a picture of one of the original members of this institution, the late William Inglis, Esq., the chief restorer of the Ludi Apollinares at Edinburgh, games annually celebrated on the Links of Leith, at which there is an admirable combination of healthful exercise with social mirth. Soon afterwards, we employed him also to draw a picture of our second president, the late Alexander Wood, Esq., who, as a successful operator in surgery, and as a most kind-hearted and liberal practitioner in medicine, must live in recollection of all who are now present. A third subject on which Raeburn, at an early period, employed his pencil, was a portrait of myself, painted for the Royal Public Dispensary, to which I had the happiness of giving a beginning at Edinburgh. On these three pictures, at the commencement of his career, I need hardly stop to say that he bestowed very peculiar attention—that they attracted very considerable notice in Edinburgh. They were soon followed by the pictures of three eminent men, to whom the university of Edinburgh is very much indebted—Dr. William Robertson, Dr. Adam Ferguson, and Thomas Elder, Esq., Lord Provost of the City of Edinburgh. These three pictures now ornament the Senate Hall of our university, and will convey to late posterity exact and favourable resemblances of eminent benefactors: for Raeburn was not more successful in taking a striking likeness,

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han in giving it the most flattering as-
pect, with all the spirit of the original.

His celebrity, as a portrait painter,
was by no means confined to Edinburgh.
He sent many different portraits to Lon-
don. There, in the annual exhibition
of paintings at Somerset House, they
were brought into comparison with the
works of almost every eminent limner
in Britain.

Of the esteem in which his pictures
were held in London, a public and in-
contestible evidence was afforded in the
compliments which were paid him by
the Royal Academy of Painting in that
city; for, in the year 1812, they con-
ferred upon him the rank of an asso-
ciate of the academy, and, three years
afterwards, raised him to that of an
academician. This flattering distinc-
tion was, on his part, unexpected and
unsolicited; and it was the more ho-
nourable, as, at that period, several
promising artists were unsuccessful can-
didates.

To enter into a detailed account of
the many pictures which came from the
pencil of Raeburn would be altogether
incompatible with the nature of this
discourse. It is sufficient to say, that
admirable likenesses of many of the
most eminent characters in Scotland,
for rank, for literature, and for military
achievements, are preserved by means
of his labours.

When our justly beloved sovereign
visited Scotland, the merit of Raeburn
could not escape his notice. His Ma-
jesty was graciously pleased to confer
upon him a mark of royal favour, by
raising him to the dignity of knight-
hood, and thus bestowing upon him the
same honourable distinction which had
marked the talents of Sir Joshua Rey-
nolds, and a few other of the first artists
that Britain has produced.

To the excellent and amiable cha-
racter of Sir Joshua, who may be con-
sidered as Raeburn's first patron, that
of Sir Henry bore, in many respects, a
very near resemblance. For, in both,
superiority of genius was by no means
confined to painting alone. Both of
them lived in habits of intimacy with
the most eminent literary characters in
their neighbourhood, and both of them
were highly acceptable guests at the so-
cial meetings of learned men. Sir Jo-
shua enjoyed the instructive conversa-
tion of Garrick, Goldsmith, and John-
son. Sir Henry partook of that of
Scott, Mackenzie, and Alison,—names
that will be immortal in the annals of
literature and taste. Both of them were
associated with many learned societies.

Sir Joshua was a member of the Royal,
the Antiquarian, and other eminent so-
cieties of London and of the Continent;
Sir Henry was a member of the Royal
Society of Edinburgh, of the Imperial
Academy of Florence, of the Academy
of New York, in the United States of
America, and of several other honour-
able institutions of the present period.

Original Poetry.

THE CRUSADER: A DRAMATIC SCENE.

*Midnight—a spacious cavern, which opens into
a deep glen; the moon just rising.*

A CRUSADER AND AN AGED MAN.

Knight. Now do they work: the night doth
swiftly wane.
Such deed as this likes not the garish light
That morn throws on the world. Bestir thy-
self!

I have not roamed thus far to be amused
Only with idle words—Now to thy task!

Aged Man. The hour is nigh, but yet not
wholly come—

It wants a moment yet—now—now 'tis here.
[*The aged man strikes a rock with his wand,—a
groan reverberates through the cavern.*]

Spirit imprisoned! now come forth,
Or dread my anger, fear my wrath:
Shake off thy seven-aged sleep of gloom,—
Stalk from thy adamant tomb! (*a pause.*)

Do'st hear not—hear not?—
Do'st fear not—fear not?—
Come forth, I say! or thee I'll lay
In a spell—as deep as hell! (*another pause.*)

Doubt not, Sir Knight, my power or my will.
Spirit! burst the rock asunder—
Or I'll wake thee with such thunder,
That worlds shall hear, and, quailing, wonder!
Rouse thee from thy rocky lair,—
Nor vengeance nor my power dare?

[*The rock is rent, and a radiant spirit appears.*]
Spirit. I come—I come—thy will is mine:
I bow me at thy potent shrine.

Aged Man. 'Tis well, thou com'st not now
too late—
Deserve my smile, or dread my hate.

Knight. How beautiful this form appears,
how fair!

Aged Man. Mortal, be mute—thy words ill
suit

The breathless still that is my will!

Spirit! now,
By that vow
Which you swore
On hell's dark shore,—

I command thee here to bring
Airs that sainted spirits sing,
Or those breathed forth by fluttering breath—
Songs made melodious by death.

Spirit. I wing my flight
To collect these spirits bright. (*vanishes.*)

Knight. What can this mean! 'tis utter tri-
fling, sage.

Aged Man. Peace! thou wilt find it more—
hark, hark, they come!

Chorus of Spirits at a distance.
How sweet—how sweet—'tis thus to meet
Sister and brother, sire and mother.
Angels we are, and each have a star
For a radiant home, where grief cannot come.
Now we glide on the silvery tide
Of the moon's pale ray, that lights our way
To the dim earth—where we had birth.

Spirits prolong our heavenly song:
Let each sweet note on the ether float,
And then let it die, like a murmuring sigh
Breathed last from the breast, when it falls to
rest.

Nearer we come to our former home:
Yon is the glen—there are the men
That called us hither—thither—thither!
One sweet swell ere we touch the dell;
Now alight, and fold your pinions bright,—
Alight, alight, alight.

(*The strains are heard nearer.*)

[*The rushing of wings, and a soft confused mur-
mur, which gradually melts into silence.*]

Aged Man. Are they here?
Spirit. Yes, from each sphere

That bright on high
Rolls thro' the sky.—

Aged Man. Command the first that he repeat
Words at his death-hour deemed most sweet!

1st Spirit. I fell by the infidel:
No arms were mine, but the cross divine—
Humble was my vest;

On my hoary head their sabres sped;
But now 'mid changeless rest,
I am a spirit blessed.

My last words were—'Oh, God! forgive,
And teach these murderers how to live.'

I but fulfilled the Lord's decree—
These were the sweetest words to me.

2nd Spirit. I was slain on the battle plain:
For the holy cross I died;

But yet, while death was on my breath,
The Saracen foe I defied!

And my last words were,—'May God claim his
land,

And avenge my death on the Paynim band!'
These were the sweetest words to me—

For I thought such deeds in time would be—
Aged Man. Enough: now call the silver-

toned sweet voice
To speak, that gave unto your radiant choir
Such varied, deep, and full-toned harmony—

Sweet spirit! say, when called away
From this world of bitter woe,

Did no dear song thy breath prolong,
Gushing from thy soul,

As death's clouds did o'er it roll
In most harmonious flow?—

3rd Spirit. Yes, yes!—this is the strain,—
I now will sing it o'er again:

My latest breath propelled it on—
Death stopped me ere my song was done.

'Oh, Pembroke! thou art far away,—
'Mid hostile fields thou now art ranging;

But thy sad Ellen's soul to-day
Seems with portentous sorrow changing.

Dost thou on earth yet gallant rove,—
Or art thou in the sky above?

On earth, in heaven, I know that thou
Will not be faithless to thy vow.

Perhaps thy form on the plain is lying—
Perhaps thy soul on high is flying;

Oh, hear me, love! oh, hear my strain:
If thou but comest safe again

I ne'er—
Death struck me as I sung;

Round my sire's neck my arms I flung,
Whilst my winged soul that moment sprung

Into bright eternity!
These were the sweetest words to me.

Knight. (*kneeling.*) Save me, save me!—
Oh, I have known too much.

Is this a dream!—Surely she is not dead!
Oh, recall her, sage! I have heard her words,

But yet have seen her not. Exert thy power,
And bring her radiant form to greet my sight.

Aged Man. That cannot be! 'twixt her and
thee

Barriers rise, high as the skies.

All my power, at this hour,
I vainly exercise! Arise! arise!

Spirit. The spirits now their pinions plume,
No longer must they stay 'mid gloom
Of earthly things: such is their doom.

(*a fluttering sound is heard.*)

Aged Man. Rouse thee, Sir Knight! nor let
thy courage sleep.

Art thou a warrior, thus to bend thy soul
Before the shrine of fear? Hie—they depart!

Chorus of departing Spirits.

Spirits obey! no longer stay
On this dark world; are your wings unfurled?
Now we rise to the beauteous skies!
Raise the strain, as the clouds we gain;
Let it lingering fall on yon rocky hall.
Now the air is pure and fair—
Fragrance is given—it smells of heaven!
Yon world is receding, where hearts are bleed-
ing;
O'er it roll clouds, and darkness shrouds
Its form from our view. Fly true! fly true!
Now we gain the ethereal plain;
Look back, look back on our luminous track;
Fly widely afar, each to his star!
No rest, no rest—Hush, hush, hush, hush!—

Pembroke. How my soul is calmed, how
beautiful

That last faint fall! its cadence smote my mind
With grief, that I must stay, when I would
wing

My flight with them to bliss. Come forth, my
brand!

If life flies from me, I shall join my love.

Aged Man. Hold thy impious hand; long
years thou hast to live,—

Thou art young in crime, thy fate is darkly
cast.

I will call thy compeers.—

Spirit! go to the world below,

And bring with thee the accursed that be.

Spirit. Thy behest I now obey,

And at thy bidding wend my way!—

Aged Man. Wake, Pembroke's earl! my
toil is not half done!

Pemb. Oh, I am sick at heart—my Ellen
dead—

Yet she is bless'd—would I were blessed too.

Sage. The past thou knowest—hast thou de-
sire left

To read in dark futurity's dim page
Thy history?

Pemb. Ay—if thou wilt.

Aged Man. Not so,—

As thou wilt; but I do tell thee truly,
Thy spirit will receive a shock more great
Than any it can now conceive. They come!

Chorus of the approaching accursed Spirits.

Joy, joy, without alloy!—

We breathe! we breathe! no longer we wreathe
In coils of fire fed by ire.

How verdant yon glen—tho' 'tis darksome to
men,

To our scorched eyes, 'tis a paradise!—

Rush on to that world from whence we were
hurl'd

Into a gulf of flame,

We shudder but to name.

Joy, joy, without alloy—

Now we touch the caverned ground,

And the caves our steps rebound.

How beautiful is this cold wind!

Do ye sigh for the realm ye leave behind?

No, no, no, no! adieu to woe!

No—no—no—no!—

[*The clattering of wings is heard, and a sulphu-
reous smell pervades the cavern.*]

Aged Man. They are here! not all the bitter
gusts of wind

Which on their way to us they have encoun-
tered,

Could sweep from off their wings the noxious
dew

That sin and punishment have shed o'er them.
Spirit! ask of the first

Why he became accursed?—

1st Spirit. 'Twas my arm that did the deed
For which my soul doth bleed:

I had a brother—we loved each other—

He crossed me in my course of love—

I stabbed him to the heart!

For this in hell I rove,

For this with heaven I part!—

But, were my days to be once more,

Him I would murder o'er and o'er.

2nd Spirit. I was lord of many lands,

And I was chief o'er many bands,—

But rapine, murder, marked my sway,—

In wickedness my head grew grey:

But were I on the earth to reign,—

I'd act my deeds—again—again.

3rd Spirit. I was lost, on the billows tossed

Of passion's dark deep sea:—

My soul was once bright with virtue's light,

But no mortal more guilty could be.

I repent—repent—repent—

But mine is long-lived punishment.

Aged Man. Tell me, spirits, tell me true,

The darkest, I appeal to you;

Will Pembroke's earl be joined with ye,—

Speak truth, and speak it fearlessly!

4th Spirit. Dread man! dread man! I can-
not speak

That which would make his firm soul shriek!

His heart is now devoid of crime,—

Short is its glory, brief the time!—

Aged Man. Speak on! speak on!

Speak till thy prophecy be done!—

Spirit. I will! I will! tho' my tale is of ill.

He now shudders at guilt,

For no blood he has spilt,

Except in the fight,

Where murder's deed'd right!

His passions now sleep,

But they'll wake to weep;

And when they wake,

Then, virtue, quake!

For a demon is let forth

To goad thee with his wrath!

All the dark degrees of crime

Will assail him ere his prime

Of years be here.

Fear, Pembroke! fear!

Murder, rapine, lust, and power,

I have willed to be thy dower!

Heed me! heed me! heed me well!

I now speak what deeds will tell;

Mark! mark! mark me now:

Thou wilt never keep thy vow;

Crime's gradations will be thine,—

To view thy punishment be mine!—

Spirits, rejoice, hear my voice!

A chieftain of earth, noble his birth,

Will soon disgrace his gallant race,

And then he will dwell with us in hell;—

Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice! re-echo my voice!

Spirits. Rejoice! rejoice!

(*Pembroke falls into a swoon.*)

Aged Man. Now depart, each guilty heart!

Depart! depart!

[*Chorus of the receding accursed Spirits.*]

Must we go? must we go? to the realms be-
low!

We hoped to stay some hours away.—

Oh, man of dread, that wakest the dead,

Oh, listen! listen, and our eyes will glisten,

And our wings expand at joy's command,
If thou our flight will stay!

We only beg to break of day,

That we may view the earth,

When the morn has blushing birth.

'Tis silence all! we must leave this ball.

Spirits, prepare, to cleave the air—

We must make our peace (or our pangs may
increase)

With the dark king of death, whose very breath
Can coin new terrors for these our errors!

Make haste! make haste! no time waste!

Fly—fly—or we shall sigh

In fire—in fire.—Higher—higher!

Earth, farewell! farewell! farewell!

Fare—well!

Aged Man. The earl is yet insensible,—his
swoon

Continues long. *Spirit!* prepare to take

This form to Richard's camp, and in his tent

Lay this sleeping spirit—It will wake too
soon—

And for thy services, this very night,

Ere morn revisits the dark changing earth,

Thou'lt be no longer captive—hie thy way!

(*The cavern vanishes.*)

Edmonton.

J. J. LEATHWICK.

Fine Arts.

CAMDEN TOWN NEW CHURCH.

OUR readers are well aware that we are
by no means admirers of the general
style of architecture displayed in the
various churches erecting in and about
the metropolis. Most of them are com-
mon-place, crude designs, destitute of
any thing like grandeur or architectu-
ral effect; while the ornaments are so
petty and trivial, that absolute plainness
would very often be preferable; and
the various parts seem to be jumbled
together at random, without the least
regard to character. We are well
aware that, in all these edifices, the ar-
chitect is, more or less, restricted as to
expense; but we also know that the
man of genius and taste will exhibit his
ability under the most disadvantageous
circumstances, and will so economize
his means, as to produce with them the
greatest possible effect. If unable to
give free scope to his taste for orna-
ment, he will, at least, abstain from
introducing a few niggardly patches of
embellishment here and there, as if to
render the plainness of the rest of the
edifice more conspicuous, and to make
that which might otherwise please by
its modest and unpretending air, disgust-
ingly mean. If he cannot introduce
mere ornament, he will at least take
care that the various features of his build-
ing shall please by their proportions,
and harmonize with each other; the
design will exhibit nothing of that
odious dissonance which is as shocking
to the eye, as false notes are to a mu-
sical ear; and—to continue the meta-
phor—although he may not perhaps be

at liberty to execute an extensive and rich composition, nothing but his own want of skill will hinder him from producing a simple and graceful melody.

As a pleasing exception to that want of taste, or rather barbarous taste, of which we elsewhere meet with so many examples, we here notice the church which has recently been erected at Camden Town, from the designs of Messrs. Knowlton, of whose noble edifice, the Church of St. Pancras, we have elsewhere spoken, not in terms of higher commendation than it deserves. In the present instance, they have shown that they can attain a very great degree of beauty, on a much humbler scale. We do not pretend to say that it satisfies us in every respect; there are some parts which we could wish otherwise: but, on the whole, we consider it highly creditable to their taste, and an acquisition to the architectural beauties of the metropolis. When viewed at a distance, its general form is not particularly pleasing. The tower does not harmonize well with the body of the structure. The building is most advantageously seen at a short distance from the portico, where all the beautiful details and execution of the front are conspicuous. This portion of the structure is indeed almost the only one at which any aim has been made to architectural effect, and it would therefore, perhaps, not be quite fair to criticize too narrowly the other elevations, which are merely of white brick, and with no attempt at decoration. A semi-circular portico of four Ionic columns, and a pediment, form the principal entrance, on each side of which is a door, in a similar style to that in the centre. The ceiling of this portico is in the form of a half-dome, and has an elegant effect. The columns may be considered as the Grecian Ionic, but some attempt at novelty has been aimed at, and we think successfully, in the manner of their flutings, which are so managed as to have rather the appearance of being ribbed, and the volutes of the capitals are designed in a correspondent style. There is something very pleasing in this kind of decoration: it forms an intermediate character between the richness produced by channelled fluting and the simplicity of a plain shaft. We are not aware, at this moment, whether the architect has met with any authority for it among the fragments of ancient architecture; but, if not, it is so much the more creditable to his taste, for it is not violent or affected in the innovation; on the contrary, it accords beautifully with the character of

the Ionic. The capitals are particularly elegant, and we cannot but remark, how greatly superior, in every respect, this Ionic is to the specimens of the same order exhibited in the church in Langham Place, and the chapel now building in Regent Street: those of the last mentioned building appear to us to be copied from some of the worst examples of the debased Roman or Italian Ionic. In fact, this portico will lose nothing by a comparison with those in Langham and Wyndham Places, both which are likewise semi-circular, but as inferior in point of effect as can well be imagined. In this disposition of the columns, there is something in general very pleasing and picturesque, owing to the play of light and shade, and the manner in which, when viewed on one side, the columns appear grouped together. If there is any thing that we should be disposed to object to in this elevation, it is to the arches over the doors; nor is the panneling and colouring of the doors themselves exactly what we could desire. In every other respect, this front has our unqualified approbation. It is chaste and elegant; as is likewise the tower which rises above it. The east end of the church, also, is not devoid of taste, although we cannot say that we particularly admire the projecting parts below, and still less the style of the iron work. The interior, which may be considered as a St. Pancras in miniature, is fitted up with much taste and simplicity; and, if there is any thing to which we should be disposed to object, it is, that its uniform white tint is rather fatiguing to the eye. But where there is so much to commend, we wish not to dwell upon minor imperfections.

WE have been much pleased with an excellent lithographic engraving, by Mr. John Hayter, containing the portraits of two persons in the suite of the late King of the Sandwich Islands, who, as well as their majesties, it appears, sat to this gentleman, who is a younger brother of Mr. Hayter, whose picture of the Queen's Trial is well known to the public.

This drawing represents the parties in the costume of their own country, in which, we are told, they were very averse to being seen, but which unquestionably exhibits them to much more advantage than the European garb. It is singular, that the helmet worn by Boki or Poki (who is, we understand, the governor of the island of Wahao) is precisely of the old Roman

form; his mantle is of mixed colours and ample dimensions. The wife of this chief, who bears the poetical name of Liliha, has a face beaming with intelligence, very agreeable features, and, like the man, a kind expression of countenance. Her clothing is scanty, being confined to a lower garment and an ornament round the neck, formed of plaited hair, fastened with a whale's tooth—this is not unbecoming.

We sincerely hope the success of this print will remunerate the very clever young artist by whom it is executed, for the great pains he has taken to procure this genuine and unique representation of persons who may certainly be termed the most polished and intelligent of all barbarian societies. The two persons here depicted were presented to his Majesty at Windsor, who expressed himself much pleased with them, and, with his usual urbanity, directed every attention to be paid them; they have now left this country, and departed under all the strong impressions which might be supposed to influence minds of their description. We are told that there is a young boy with them, whose affection towards the king, as well as his general manners and intellect, were such as to render him exceedingly interesting.

The Drama AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—This theatre opened on Monday for the season, with old pieces and old actors; the house has been well cleaned, but has undergone no alteration in its interior arrangement or decorations, nor indeed was any necessary. The pieces selected for the opening, were *Romeo and Juliet*, and the last year's pantomime. We can scarcely conceive any two pieces less attractive, except to sentimental maids-of-all-work, and mischievous apprentices, of whom there was a good number in the galleries. Charles Kemble is no doubt the best *Romeo* on the stage, and looks almost as well as he did fifteen years ago; Miss F. L. Kelly is also a good *Juliet*, and Mrs. Davenport the best of all nurses; they were received with marks of great kindness and affection. Novelties, we understand, are in preparation, exclusive of *Der Freischutz*, which can be no novelty; but would it not have been as well to have kept the theatre closed, until something more attractive than *Romeo and Juliet*, and a worn-out pantomime could be produced? but, of course,

Charles Kemble knows his business better than we do.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—This theatre will, in a few days, close one of the most successful seasons it has had for many years, and has thus repaid the manager for his liberal and spirited exertions. Mathews plays, for the last time this season, on the evening of our publication;—the *bashful* man then retires, and we lose Jonathan W. Doubikins for some months, at least.

SURREY THEATRE—We do not know whether there is a new management, but we are sure a new spirit has been displayed in conducting this theatre. *Der Freischutz* has been admirably got up, and there is a succession of good pieces, very respectably performed.

Literature and Science.

Accounts have been received from Capt. Lyon, of the *Griper*, which had reached Hudson's Straits on the 4th of August. The *Griper* expected to reach Repulse Bay early in September. The *Snap*, which had accompanied the *Griper* with stores, left her, to make a survey of the coast of Newfoundland.

Our chastisement of the popularity-hunting Dr. Birkbeck, and his coadjutors, the managers of the Mechanics' Institution, has not been altogether ineffectual: reading-rooms are opened, and schools are about to be formed; a course of lectures on chemistry, as applied to the useful arts, is announced; and we believe the mechanics will not be insulted with letters on short-hand.

English Travellers in Africa.—It is probable that we shall soon receive some new and interesting details from the English travellers in the centre of Africa. A trunk was lately sent from Tripoli, in Barbary, full of manuscripts and papers, which is not to be opened till it arrives at London. Dr. Oudney, after reaching Soudan, died from the climate; and Mr. Toole also died of a fever at Kouka, in the kingdom of Bornou. Major Denham and Mr. Tyrwhitt were both there last May, while Lieutenant Chapperton was proceeding alone through Soudan, beyond the *Nile of the Negroes*. These details are contained in a letter written by M. Graser de Hemse, Consul-general of Sweden and Norway, and correspondent of the French Institute. His letter is dated Tripoli in the West, Aug. 20, 1824.—*French Paper.*

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

| Day of the Month. | 8 o'clock Morning. | 1 o'clock Noon. | 11 o'clock Night. | Barom. 1 o'clock Noon. | Weather. |
|-------------------|--------------------|-----------------|-------------------|------------------------|----------|
| Sept. 24 | 56 | 62 | 55 | 30 10 | Fair. |
| 25 | 56 | 57 | 45 | 29 99 | Rain. |
| 26 | 42 | 47 | 40 | .. 94 | Cloudy. |
| 27 | 41 | 48 | 41 | .. 58 | Showery. |
| 28 | 39 | 52 | 42 | .. 93 | Fair. |
| 29 | 45 | 58 | 54 | .. 95 | Do. |
| 30 | 54 | 58 | 59 | .. 55 | Do. |

The Bee:

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Jews in India.—The London Jews' Society, who had employed a Mr. Sargon to visit Cananore in India, to gain information respecting the people in that place and vicinity, who were supposed to have been the descendants of the ancient Israelites, have recently received a communication on the subject, from Thomas Jarrett, Esq. secretary to the society's corresponding committee in Madras. These people have Hebrew names. Some of them read Hebrew, and they have a faint tradition of their original exodus from Egypt. Their common language is the Hindu. They are idolaters, using and mixing idolatrous ceremonies with Hebrew. They circumcise their own children. They observe the great expiation-day of the Hebrews, and call themselves white Jews. They speak of the Arabian Jews as their brethren. They use the prayer, Deut. vi 4. "Hear O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord, &c." They have no priests or levites amongst them, under those names, but elders and a chief in each community, who superintend their religious concerns. They expect the Messiah, and to return to their own land.

Dr. Johnson's Dilemma.—When Dr. Samuel Johnson lodged at Kettle Hall, in the University of Oxford, at a Mr. Thompson's, a cabinet-maker, the maid, by an unfortunate mistake, one day brought him a chemise of Mrs. Thompson's to put on instead of his own shirt. The doctor, contemplating on nothing but rambles, and idlers, and colossal dictionaries, shoved his arms, head and shoulders, into the lady's linen, before he discovered his error. "Who has cut off the sleeves of my shirt?" exclaimed the enraged and hampered moralist, with Stentorian vociferation—dancing and tugging, and roaring for freedom. This roar brought up poor Mrs. Thompson, who, with the most consummate delicacy, shutting her two chaste eyes, slipped her hand into the room, and delivered her giant guest from his enchanted castle.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

ASMODEUS, No. XVI., R. C., and J. R. P., in our next.

The list of books presented to the Mechanics' Institution, and the letter of Pierce Egan to a certain learned Theban and M. D., on the *beauties* of the English language, have been received.

AN 8vo. SCHOOL ATLAS OF 25 MAPS.

This day is published, finely engraved on twenty-five plates, with all discoveries to the present time, in 8vo. outlined and neatly half-bound, price 12s.

A NEW SCHOOL ATLAS of Modern Geography, containing Maps of all the principal States and Kingdoms of the World (to which is added a Map of Canaan or Judea for Scripture reading), the whole compiled from the latest and best authorities.

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Edente C. R. SUMNER, M. A.

At the same time will be published, uniform with the above.

A TREATISE on **CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE**, by John Milton: translated from the original, by C. R. Sumner, M. A. Librarian and Historiographer to his Majesty, and Prebendary of Worcester.

Printing at the Cambridge University Press; and to be published by Charles Knight, Pall-Mall East; and sold by all his Majesty's Booksellers.

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and **DINAH**. A poetical Romance, in Ten Cantos.

By M. P. KAVANAGH.

With a Prefatory View of the Poem, by M. McDermot, Esq. Author of a Critical Dissertation on the Nature and Principles of Taste, &c.

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To blazon 'broad amongst her learned throng—
Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.'
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Review

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M. P. KAVA

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